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Mothers in Israel.

In this series of articles, we now present the name and portrait of our honored President Emmeline B. Wells. February is her birth month, and it is fitting that we link her thus to this day and time.

We have all heard and known much of Sister Wells as a writer and publicist, but few outside of her immediate circle know what a wonderful contribution she has made to the Church and to her country through her numerous and able posterity. Practically all of her descendants are superior in intellect; many of the daughters are very fair to look upon. President Wells had one son born in Nauvoo, who died in infancy. She was the former wife of the then presiding Bishop of the Church—Bishop Newel K. Whitney, by whom she had two lovely daughters, Isabel and Melvina. The oldest—Isabel—who afterwards married the well-known public citizen, Septimus W. Sears, was born in a wagon on the block where now stands the Hotel Utah. Mrs. Sears has had eight children and seven grandchildren. She is spending the later years of her life in free and happy service in the Salt Lake Temple, where she is honored and loved by all her associates.

Her sister, Mrs. Mell Woods, has had five children and has five grandchildren. She also has always been fair to look upon, and is a leader in social and literary circles in her home in northern Idaho.

One of her daughters—Mrs. Annie Wells Cannon—is locally famous as a gifted writer, an excellent public speaker, a wise legislator and publicist, a devoted mother of twelve splendid sons and daughters and eleven grandchildren. She is the mother and grandmother of twin boys, whose picture we here present. Mrs. Cannon kindly has prepared the accompanying poetic pen-picture of her mother, as a mother.

All of the children and grandchildren of Mrs. Wells possess marked literary and artistic ability, and all are proof of the law of

President Emmeline B. Wells at 87 years of age, her daughter, her grand-daughter, her twin grandsons and her twin great-grandsons. Her daughter, Mrs. Annie Wells-Cannon's twin sons are Abram H. and Woodward D. Her granddaughter, Mrs. Louise Cannon Andrew's twin sons are Richard C. and Denton L. Andrew.

inheritance. The two daughters who died in their young womanhood, were prominent figures in the life of this pioneer city and state—"Emmie," as she was familiarly known, being a leader in the young circle which formed the old Wasatch Literary Society. She was beloved of all who knew her. "Louie" was as beautiful and gifted a girl as ever graced a mortal home. None who ever saw or knew her but admired and loved her with unspeakable affection; none can forget or cease to love her. Both were gifted singers, and Louie was acknowledged to be one of Utah's finest contralto singers.

We are pleased to present the full list of our remarkable President's gifts to the world, the Church, and the nation: Mrs. Wells had one son born in Nauvoo, who died in infancy. She had two daughters, as has been said, by Bishop Whitney, Isabel and Melvina. After the death of Bishop Whitney in the Valley, she married Daniel H. Wells. By him she had three daughters: Emmeline, Annie, and Louise.

Her oldest daughter, Isabel Modelena Whitney, married Septimus W. Sears, April, 1869, and their children were as follows: Sidney Whitney, Herbert Whitney, Isabel S., Septimus Whitney, Lucile L., Emma W., Eugene S., and Brenton M. E.

Isabel S. married Charles W. F. Buckholz and three children were born: Marian, Lucile, Hermann.

Septimus married Esther Julian; one boy, Sidney R.

Emma W. married John Gillette Roberts; two children, Margaret and Ruth.

Brenton M. E., married Inez Van Sant and has one child—Robert.

Eugene S. married Eleanor Isabel Rhein.

Mrs. Wells' second daughter—Melvina Caroline Whitney—married Wm. Woods, and their children were as follows: Daisie D., Verona M., Leslie and Winnifred I. and Percival.

Daisie married Harry Allen and had two children—Martin and Thomas.

Verona M. married Barrymore Nugent Hillard and had the following children: Helen, Robert and Barrymore. Emmeline and Louise died in their young womanhood, beloved and mourned by all.

Annie Wells married John Q. Cannon, and their children are: George Q. Cannon, Louise C. Andrew, Margaret C. Clayton, Daniel H. Cannon, Eleanor Addy Cannon (deceased), Emmeline C. Martineau, Cavendish W. Cannon, Katharine Cannon, Abram H. Cannon, David W. Cannon, John Q. Cannon, Jr., and Theodore L. Cannon. The grandchildren are as follows: George Q. Cannon, Jr., Woodward D. Cannon, Shirley Cannon, Richard C. Andrew, Denton C. Andrew, Elizabeth Andrew, John Q. Andrew, William D. Clayton, Ruth Clayton, Sarah Clayton and Mary Martineau (deceased).

AN INTIMATE SKETCH OF HOME LIFE.

On the twenty-ninth of the current month the venerable president of the Relief Society, and the subject of this sketch, will have attained the ripe age of eighty-eight years, almost a century of life, filled to the very limit with wonderful experiences and activity. One who has given so very much of her time and talents in public service is thought of largely, if not entirely, in a public way, and yet the very sweetest and most delightful touches of her nature are those of home life, where, in that broad and tender field ,her spirit shone in untrammeled and perfect motherhood.

It is not to me an easy task to draw aside the curtain and disclose home pictures.

An innate delicacy, deep sentiment and peculiar sensitiveness surrounds the homelife, making it too sacred a thing for public view in every family; especially do I think this true in this particular instance, because there has been so marked a difference between her public and her private life, and because those traits and high ideals, which at the same time allow public service, shield with equal zeal the innermost thoughts and activities of the home. It is, therefore, with a degree of hesitancy, and yet with the most tender and sympathetic feeling, that I comply with the request to give to the readers of *The Relief Society Magazine* some glimpses into the home life of my mother.

Like the princess in the fascinating fairy tale, "The Sleeping Beauty," I would ask you, dear reader, to close your eyes and go with me into the realm of memory. Memory, after all, is more or less a fairy tale, because all the sorrows and trials and pains, are so mellowed with time that their sharp points are cut away, and the grayness and mist of years make them sacred and beautiful, while the joys and pleasures and delights shine with even brighter luster.

'Twas New Year's Eve. The younger children had at last retired, leaving rather reluctantly, because they knew full well that the living room would soon be a scene of pleasant entertainment and good cheer for the older members of the household, as they waited for the sound of bells and whistles which would usher in another cycle of time.

The coals glowed brightly in the big fire place, and the odor of bayberry candle, burning according to old New England custom down to the socket, filled the room with fragrant incense. Just the hour and environment for sweet recollections and fond memories to throng the mind; and as we waited and looked at the very pretty little figure of mother, sitting close to the hearth, looking into the tumbling red coals, we knew something rich and entertaining was in her thought.

Reverently we closed our books when mother began to speak: "We, in our New England home, always made a great deal of New Year's and Thanksgiving. It was then we feasted and gave our presents, when I was a little girl."

"But," I asked, "what did you do on Christmas?"

"Oh, we kept Christmas just like Sunday, a very sober, solemn occasion. I believe the big parlor used to be opened, and we were allowed to go in and read. I had a perfect horror of that parlor, because it was always kept closed to us children, except on Sundays, and holidays, and even as a little child I made up my mind that when I owned a home, no room would be too good for the children."

"It never was, mother, I'm sure of that, nor anything of yours; because with you it was always the children first, and my, what splendid things you used to do for us! But the best of all were the songs and poems you taught us while you sat sewing or mending, and we played around you. Do you know when I first started to school I could recite 'Lochinvar's Ride,' 'Twenty Years Ago,' 'Bingen on The Rhine,' and ever so many other pretty poems, and my little friends thought me wonderful. When my teacher asked me where I learned these things she thought *you* wonderful, and came to borrow your books to use in the school, only to find that in the rich storehouse of your mind were the beautiful songs and verses you had taught your children."

"Yes," she replied, "memory is a good substitute for books when one has had to leave them on the way, as I did. I felt worse to leave my books than any other of my belongings, when we were driven from Nauvoo, and in those days there were not many books either, like there are now. That is one thing I always have tried to teach you children, to have a love and care for good books. Once I loaned a Bible, it was just a small Bible, bound in yellow leather, and when I got it back there were some leaves torn out; and do you know I was so indignant that I never loaned that family another thing! Perhaps, after all, that had a good effect, for they were continually borrowing everything, and I never could refuse the worst of neighbors the least little thing, if I had it to lend."

"Perhaps," I ventured to say, "you generously needed a shock, for I well remember seeing you sew one night by a dip-light while your neighbor, giving a party, was using your last two tallow candles in your best and only candlesticks."

"Goodness me, the sewing I used to do by those dreadful dip-lights, rows upon rows of fine tucking for shirt bosoms for Bishop Whitney, and the boys, Horace and Orson, and such tucks and ruffles as we used to put in our baby clothes—whipping, overcasting, hemming, and running stitches with the finest of needles —I don't suppose you girls could even thread them now."

"No," I laughed, "the sewing machine is good enough for me in these rushing days; but you taught your girls to sew as beautifully as you did yourself; only, hand sewing now is an art, ont a necessity."

Slowly she rose, that graceful little woman, and walked across the room to look out upon the night; and, standing there in the bow of the window holding back the holly-draped curtains, which fell in folds around her, it was like a framed picture of the long ago—her beautiful hair, as white as the feathery snow without, which the wind was piling in huge drifts against the fences, crowning her furrowed face which, as she turned, was expressive of the thoughts within.

"Sometimes," she said, "I feel like 'the last leaf upon the tree,' when I think that scarcely any of the friends of my generation are left to recall with me the days that are gone. There was Mother Whitney, then Louisa, Martha, Lydia Ann and Hannah, women with whom I lived in closest intimacy, closer than sisters, rearing our children in the same household, all gone; and your father, too, all save Susan and myself, and both of us nearly ninety. Then the beloved friends with whom so many years I worked in the Relief Society: Sister Eliza, Aunt Zina, Sister Kimball, Aunt Bathsheba, Sister Richards, Sister Horne, and oh, so many others whose names I now recall, and whom I loved as much as if bound by kindred ties, closer, perhaps, because our faith and work were so in tune with our every day life. They all are gone, and you, the women of this generation, speak of me as the link between the present and the past."

"Well, grandma," said one of the boys, "you're sure a precious link, all set with brilliants which illumine this generation and generations yet to come."

The sweet face brightened with this little flattering hurl, as in less sober accents she said: "Speaking of illuminations, you remember, of course, the night June came home from his mission, and the big house at the head of Main Street was illuminated with rows of candles in every window, in honor of the event. People came from all over the city just to see the illumination. Compare that with what we see now, when every night on top of the Templeton, where the old house stood, there are rows of wonderful lights of which no one thinks at all."

"Why," asked one of the boys, "illuminate because June came home?"

"Because," she quietly answered, again seating herself, "June was the first of all the boys in the family to go on a mission, and every mother in the family was just as interested as if he were her own son. That is the way we taught our children, that each brother and sister was just as dear and precious as those of their own mother, and occasions like this brought us all together in

closer harmony. He came about seven o'clock, and there was to be a big family dinner in the long dining room. I remember I had been cooking all day."

"Oh, grandma," one of the girls interrupted, "you never cooked!"

"Indeed, I did, though I must say I never liked cooking very much. Still I always made the dough-nuts for these parties, and prepared the dishes of baked beans, I suppose that's because of my New England training."

"Well," I said, "your dough-nuts were the best ever, and so were your 'apple fritters' and 'minute pudding'; goodness, mother, I had almost forgotten, myself, that you knew how to cook!"

"Well," one of the boys remarked, "you surely had accomplishments. I wish we had some of those fritters now."

"Perhaps if you had, they wouldn't seem so good compared with the fine fruit cake, mince pies, and other things you have today. It's like the candle to this wonderful electric light which with a touch of the button illuminates a room to a hundred candle power."

Continuing, she said:

"I wonder if you remember the front room in the old house before it was remodeled, and the fireplace with the andirons? Those old andirons were my mother's, brought all the way from Massachusetts."

"Yes, I guess I do," I answered; "it was on that chimney place we hung our stockings and in front of that fireplace you read to us and taught us how to read, and it was there you taught us how to pray. They talk of kindergartens in these days, as if it were a new method. I think, mother, you always had the method of teaching every thing as if it were play instead of work. You made it all so interesting. That is how the history of our people seems so much a part of us, because when you were busy with your house-work or sewing, at the same time you would tell us such beautiful stories, not always, but often church history, and with it all such wonderful testimonies of the gospel that we can never forget but must needs carry in our memories and tell again to our children. In your quiet way there was always so much reverence and respect for those in authority, when you mentioned their names, that I used to approach the men and women who were leaders in the Church with awe, almost fear, because I deemed them so much greater and better than we were. I am glad of that, glad in my heart that at your knee and from your teaching I learned the proper respect for the authority of the priesthood and the reverence due to those whose age and position entitle them to such respect."

"But," puts in thoughtful Louise, "when you begun your editorship and public work, these things must have changed "

"Oh no, not much; you see the older girls were married, and the younger ones were in school all day, and with a good maid at home I think I had more time than ever with my girls, for if they were not helping me in the office I was helping them with their studies. Then as they grew up, our home was a delightful gathering place for young people. Do you know, children, three literary societies have been organized in my home, the first, the Wasatch Literary Society, which is sometimes spoken of as a forerunner of the Mutual Improvement Association? That's where your Uncle Ort and Uncle Bud began their literary work, and your Uncle Hebe and Laron Cummings and others first discovered their histrionic ability. We had some accomplishments in our own family, too, the girls could play and sing and recite, and they brought to the home some of the brightest and finest girls and boys in the community."

"But, grandma, did you stay in the room with the young folks all the time?" asked an inquisitive youth.

"Yes, if I wanted to; we used to have some very fine times, playing intellectual games—not cards and nonsense like you do now, and we used to have some very amusing and entertaining conversations. Then after I had my little paper, my office was a place where numberless inquiring strangers came to learn of our people; it was like a bureau of information; and among them have been many distinguished men and women whom it has been my great pleasure to invite to my home and introduce to my girls. Let me see, what was the name of that beautiful southern woman writer? Oh, yes, Madam Lavere; she was perfectly delighted because I gave her a glimpse of a 'Mormon' household, and she wrote me a delightful letter afterward thanking me for the opportunity; and so did Kate Tannet Woods, Edmund Russell, Kate Field, and many others; and these things no doubt were rather nice occasions for my girls, but not half the education nor the value that the beautiful little meetings were which the sisters often held in my house, and where you were permitted to be present and to hear the glorious testimonies borne by Sister Horne, and Sister Eliza Snow, and the rich history told by Sarah M. Kimball, Sarepta Heywood, Elizabeth Howard, and others; and the wonderful singing of Mother Whitney, with its beautiful interpretation by Aunt Zina."

"Yes, I know, mother dear, and all these privileges I hope I ever will be grateful for, but more grateful still that I have such a wonderful little woman for a mother, whose great dower to her children, her testimony of the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith and the teachings to them of the gospel of Jesus Christ, has made them rich in deed, and whose tender sympathy and strength of purpose have never failed them, in sorrow or in joy; and who, among her many graces and accomplishments, can

boast of a loving posterity of six children, twenty-five grandchildren and twenty-five great-grandchildren to rise and call her blessed. But goodness, the whistles are blowing! It's a happy New Year to you, and now, good night and pleasant dreams."

As wideawake as ever, she answers, "It is good morning, and the dreams—well, I've shown you some pictures, any way."

ANNIE WELLS CANNON.

ECHO OF THE GENEALOGICAL CONGRESS.

We are still in close touch with our recent Genealogical Congress in San Francisco, this time through the January issue of the *Utah Genealogical Magazine,* which contains the proceedings of Utah Geenalogical Day, at the Exposition. That was indeed an epochal day for Utah. And we suggest to our readers that they secure this number of the *Genealogical Magazine,* for it is full of vitally interesting matter for us all.

We have often been asked why we did not include the picture of the genial and able railroad official—Mr. C. L. McFaul—who managed the details of our excursion so successfully and delightfully. We, therefore, present to you, with our mutual congratulations and good will, Mr. Charles L. McFaul. Mr. McFaul, the ladies of the Relief Society!

Mr. McFaul was all that other accomodating and capable railroad men are—and more. There were many tiresome problems, many unlooked-for complications, much unnecessary trouble caused, which most men would have dismissed with a careless or curt word. Not so with Mr. McFaul. He was courteous and helpful under even the most trying conditions, and stimulated everyone else to be likewise, through his unfailing good humor and patience. We shall not soon forget the gentleman nor the debt of gratitude we owe him.

We call particular attention to the article on the work done by the Relief Society Extension Department in genealogy, in the *Utah Genealogical Magazine,* for this will be the foundation for our future historians who will turn with close interest to the genesis of a movement which has begun, but which will never end while time lasts. We are at the threshold of mighty events.

When Dreams Come True.

By Ruth Moench Bell.

A change had come over Harriet Cheevers. Something new had come into her life. That was evident to even near-sighted Mrs. Priest. There was something on the familiar face that baffled analysis.

So long the little group of women had sewed together that the slightest deviation from accustomed ways was at once detected. One week ago the same carelessness in personal appearance, the result of long acquaintance and lack of incentive, was as apparent in Mrs. Cheevers as in the other members of the sewing circle. Now she looked as fresh and dainty as a girl and several years younger than usual.

It was with some surprise that the women noticed that Harriet was almost pretty. Was it the soft, creamy tie she was wearing, or the extra brushing her hair had received that made it soft and fluffy, or was it the new expression of purpose and renewed joy of living in her face, that made it lovely?

One member of the sewing circle, however, was not speculating on the new tie or the fluffy hair or the kindled expression. Mrs. Jones, mother of the mayor of North Hammond, saw a secret lurking in the depths of her friend's eyes, and she yearned to take her by the shoulders and shake it out of her. Mrs. Jones had a nose for mystery, and disliked being kept in suspense concerning it.

"What's come over you, Harriet," she asked abruptly. "Somebody died and left you a fortune?"

"Nobody has *died* and left me one," Mrs. Cheevers laid down her tatting and partially enlightened them; "but somebody did come to life and bequeath me one."

Mrs. Cheevers resumed her tatting with the same preoccupied aloofness that had so puzzled the women that afternoon.

"For pity sake explain yourself, Harriet," Mrs. Jones urged impatiently. "It doesn't sound quite sane."

"It isn't anything much," Mrs. Cheevers explained modestly, "And perhaps you won't be interested. I've been reading this week about a woman fifty years old who started in to get a college education after her children were all reared."

"Did she get it?" Mrs. Jones probed.

"She got it," Mrs. Cheevers declared triumphantly, "And she earned the money to pay for it right out of her vegetable and flower garden, and by making crocheted and knitted shawls and

bootees and lace. She got all the college extension work she could, and finally they put her in charge of some experiments. And now she is one of the most successful women in the country."

"I don't see what that has to do with you," Mrs. Jones sniffed, still trying to dig a little deeper into the mystery.

"It has just this to do with me," Mrs. Cheevers replied. "It set me thinking. Our doctrine is the doctrine of Eternal Progression. And here I have perhaps twenty-five more years in which to progress right here on earth. And I've been sitting around thinking of nothing but my aches and pains, and waiting for death when I might have been growing and developing and improving myself."

"Tell us more about this woman," Mrs. Priest begged.

"There isn't much more to tell," Mrs. Cheevers went on. "She's fond of games."

"I don't see how they will improve her much," Mrs. Jones protested.

"That is just where I am going to begin to improve," Mrs. Cheevers laughed. "I never did have enough fun. It seems like we were young such a short time, and old such a long time. And then we married so much younger than folks do now-a-days. While the children were with me I often longed to go out and play with them but there was always something to be done. I can see now that I would have been a better mother if I had joined in their play as they often coaxed me to do. I'd have loosened up some of the laughter that lay under the crust of seriousness that covered up my smiles and light-heartedness. Why games and dancing were the very things that saved the sanity of the pioneers, amid all their hardships. Laughter helped to lighten their load; laughter and prayers and songs of thanksgiving, of course."

A hush had fallen over the group and Mrs. Cheevers resumed her tatting. But she was too full of the achievements of this other mature woman and her own plans and renewed ambitions to keep silent long till she had shared it all with her friends.

"There is another thing I am going to do. You know how interesting our studies on Utah artists and their works have been? Well, I'm going to follow these studies with the life and works of all the leading artists of the world. If I'd had one speck of talent or opportunity I believe, I'd have tried to paint when I was a girl. But I am not going to give up now till I know all about the finest paintings and the lives and methods of the painters."

Mrs. Morgan looked up as if a sudden inspiration had come to her. She changed her mind, and did not speak but her thoughts were of a certain organ, silent since the children had married,

that might help her to realize her dreams. She had always yearned to play. "And I am going to begin to learn now," she told herself with resolution.

"I believe God gives us these last long, leisurely years so we can fulfill some of the many desires crowded out of the care-free time of youth, and the crowded period of middle life. This is our chance to make our dreams come true."

"I believe you are right, Harriet," Mrs. Jones sighed, under the spell of the early dreams now long forgotten. "Still none of it explains why you are 'all dolled up,' as my grandchildren say."

"It is the influence of this eager woman again," Mrs. Cheevers laughed. "She said that the first thing she set about to do after she had made up her mind that she had something to do, even if the children were all married and gone, was to make her body as happy, healthy, clean and attractive as possible and her personal appearance as dainty and neat as she could. She says that care and pride in one's person, especially when one is getting along in years, is evidence of a high order of self-respect, and helps one to keep young and attractive. She calls it well-groomed."

"Groomed," Mrs. Jones sniffed. "Groomed! Is she a mare or a woman?"

Mrs. Cheevers bit her lip. She realized that she had roused Mrs. Jones, who always took umbrage at remarks on neatness whether they were meant for her or not.

Mrs. Jones sniffed again, and glanced down at her apron, which was, to say the least, slightly soiled. She had explained that it was wash-day as she came in. Besides, it was one of her proudest boasts that she had made no difference in her habits since her son had become Mayor. Still she would have given considerable, then, to have slipped the apron into her sewing-bag unobserved. And for any notice that would have been taken of the act, she might have done so. Each woman was busy with a personal inventory of herself and her apparel, that left her, for the moment, unaware of any flaws in her sisters.

On the other side of Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Lochart sat gazing absently into space. A glimpse into her thought-factory would have elicited the information that her shoe-laces were broken in several places, and tied together in knots, more or less neat, with frayed edges showing. Mrs. Lochart was remembering also that her shoes had not been blacked for some time. In fact, the more she thought of it the more convinced she became that her shoes had not been blacked since she bought them. She drew her feet further under her skirts, and hoped that her action had been unobtrusive. She would not have liked Mrs. Morgan to wonder why.

Mrs. Morgan would not have wondered, for reasons already suggested. Mrs. Morgan had taken advantage of the long silence

and averted eyes to take a peep at her nails. Her worst fears were confirmed, and she slipped her hands under the shawl she had been knitting. A dried rim of dough was visible at the base of each nail. She had not gone over her nails after putting the bread into loaves, but merely washed and dried her hands and hastened to the sewing circle.

Mrs. Priest was occupied with curling her finger tips into the palm of her hand to hide the ragged tips of her gloves. She enjoyed working in the garden, and often forgot to wear heavy gloves while about such work. Conscious of the condition of her hands, she had brought no sewing and kept her gloves on. Her one thought now was whether Mrs. Alton had noticed the holes in her gloves.

She need not have concerned herself. A frayed petticoat, whose flounce was secured with a safety-pin, was occupying Mrs. Alton's mind to the exclusion of everything else.

Leave-takings were rather hasty, for reasons connected with the inner processes of each woman's mind.

"You meet with *me* next time," Mrs. Cheevers reminded them.

Unconsciously each woman glanced at Mrs. Cheever's nails, as her fingers slid in and out putting her tatting into her sewing-bag and slipping the ribbons over her wrist. The nails were pink-tipped and perfectly manicured. They had never differed so essentially from the other woman's before.

"I suppose Harriet is getting ready to emulatee this perfect type of mature woman," Mrs. Jones told herself, as she approached Mrs. Cheevers' for the next meeting. "If it were not for giving the impression that I'm ashamed of myself I'd not go today. Perfectly '*Groomed*'," she exhumed; for the word had been literally burned in her heart the entire week. It was a relief to expel it.

Nevertheless she continued on her way with the comfortable assurance that no one could pick any flaws with her attire. She had made several concessions which she secretly hoped would pass unnoticed. The extra brushing she had given her hair as well as the curl which she found becoming to her forehead might attract attention. Yet she let it stay.

Arriving at Mrs. Cheevers' from various directions, an astonished group of women stood stone still for there on the spacious lawn, a glow on her cheeks, laughter on her lips, industriously batting at an elusive ball sported their hostess.

"Why Harriet Cheevers," Mrs. Jones exploded. "You'll run yourself to death. You aren't a girl any more."

Mrs. Cheevers came up breathless and radiant to receive her guests.

"I sent for my niece to come and teach me to play tennis."

she explained, "and I thought we might as well have a game while you were coming."

"You'll pay for this tomorrow," Mrs. Priest croaked enviously, "You'll probably be laid up all day."

"Oh, we've been at it for a week," Mrs. Cheevers laughed. "I did feel pretty lame at first. But I'm standing it all right now. Do you mind if we have some more games this afternoon? I found a set of dominoes, an old checker-board and a deck of flinch up in the attic."

Nobody minded and many a merry laugh startled lips that had forgotten the flavor of smiles. Long after dusk the guests left for their homes. Each seemed absorbed in highly interesting plans. It was a very purposeful group of women that went to their beds that night, as eager for dawn to come, that they might put their plans into effect, as they had been as children.

Mrs. Cheevers had set them thinking. And they could see that they had each cherished some desire of achievement, and now they meant to work to attain it instead of regretting that they had never had the opportunity. And in seeking it they began to realize that there would come into their lives, instead of a long, cheerless fall hastened too soon, prolonged too wearily, a rich, warm Indian Summer, lasting and lingering and breaking into a sweet, peaceful winter. Several croquet sets and other discarded games were brought down from sundry attics that week. Women who had long since been too old to play, loosened their crippled joints and forgot their pain in the excitement of old games.

"If Harriet Cheevers can learn to play tennis at her age, I'm not too old to play croquet," Mrs. Lochart remarked, and the others were of the same mind.

"If Betty Morgan is not too old to study music, and can earn the money to pay for her lessons," Maggie Priest told herself, "I guess I can study history and buy my own books. I've always wanted to ever since my Frank used to rehearse his lessons to me. If my back yard won't yield enough garden sage to supply the butchers and grocers, so they won't have to ship in any more of that tasteless stuff they've been handling, I want to know the reason why. It's too late for asters but the florist says he gets quantities every fall, and he will buy all the tulips, and hyacinths and daffodils I can raise in the spring. So I guess I can buy all the books I shall need."

"Hortense Alton has sold a piece of her lot," Mrs. Jones called over to Betty Morgan one day. "Tom Gunnell has been trying to buy it for years and at last she has cut it loose. She is going to take the money and go to California for a trip, this winter. She is as gay as a girl at the prospects. And here she has been getting ready to die for the last ten years!"

Two weeks skipped by, and the mayor of North Hammond happened in to see his mother. He found her in a white apron, as white as her freshly washed hair. She was sewing crocheted lace on a night-gown.

'Who is going to get married now," he laughed as his delighted eyes noted the change in his mother's apparel. "Who is the happy bride?"

"I am," she retorted, transfixing him with a gay laugh.

"Mother," he gasped, "then who is the happy groom?"

"Old Age, Tom, just Old Age. I've always been afraid of him, and run from him. But he has been tramping on my heels so long that at last I've turned around to embrace him. I believe Harriet Cheevers is right. She says Old Age is the dearest friend we have, if we only use wisely the leisure he grants us. She says he gives us the chance to make all our dreams come true. You see in youth we are so set on getting married that we only dream about what we should like to do some day. In middle life we can't find time. That is why Old Age is so generous with time. He gives us the opportunity to do all we once thought we wished to do."

The mayor of North Hammond looked at his mother through a mist that did not often veil his eyes. He felt as if he had met her for the first time and was scarcely worthy of an acquaintance. In fact, his feeling was even holier than that. It was as if he had bolted into a scantuary and ought to be down on his knees before this mother whom he had once wished would take a little pride in herself. He felt guilty and conscience-smitten at the recollection.

"I've never cared for travel like Hortense Alton does. I haven't a bit of talent for music. History bores me to death. But I've got to find some interest in life, so I can grow young like the others are. I've thought it all out, and I've come to the conclusion that the thing I'm most deficient in is just plain house-keeping. And I guess I've got as good a right to 'doll myself up' as Harriet Cheevers has. If I'm going to marry Old Age and live with him for a good many years, I'm going to dress to please him, and keep house to please him. I'll have to be a lot more careful and particular than I used to be when I was younger and more attractive."

Mrs. Jones had not dared to confess her housekeeping limitations to her friends. It was a relief to have her son to confide in.

"Come here, Tom," Mrs. Jones lead the way into her little pantry. "See those shelves."

Mayor Jones looked at the shelves and pantry, all newly painted white. He remembered when, as a boy, he brought a friend in for a spread and longed to turn the hose loose on those same shelves and make them more inviting.

Then she led the way into the bed-room and pulled out the dresser drawers. "Look at those drawers," and she pointed with pride at the neat piles of freshly ironed linen.

Again Mayor Jones' memory led him backward. He was a boy again, and rumaging in those same drawers in which an end of almost anything might be seen sticking up as one opened the drawer.

"You are a wonder, Mother," he exclaimed proudly, as he folded her in his arms. "Some women at your age would be moping around complaining of their aches and pains, and expecting somebody to wait on them and be sorry when they died."

It was Mrs. Jones' turn to be uncomfortable.

"That is precisely what I was doing, boy, a few weeks ago, when something pricked my pride and got me started right. It was that word 'groomed' that Harriet Cheevers used, I believe. It kind of got under my feathers at first. People used to have so much to say about my bad house-keeping, and untidy dress, that I just naturally flared up when anything was said on the subject. It used to bother me considerably; but it seemed as if I hadn't the knack, so I quit trying and pretended I didn't care, just to defy them."

Mayor Jones suppressed a smile at this revelation of the internal workings behind the external expression with which he was only too familiar.

"That word 'groomed' was as annoying as a fly walking over my upper lip. It fretted me until I gradually became unaware of its existence. About that time it occurred to me how delightfully fresh and frisky a horse must feel after it is well curried and brushed. I suppose I used to be like the over-worked plough horse whose master couldn't take time to brush and curry it and pick the burrs out of its mane. Now I can't help wishing they could invent some way to brush a horse's teeth so its mouth could feel cool and refreshed as mine does after the tooth-duty I once couldn't find time for. I could never believe the glow of pride that goes over one when we begin and close the day well-groomed. It is easier to pray and the prayer seems more effective, if we have made the flesh more fitting for the spirit."

The mayor of North Hammond turned his eyes from the vision of this new mother, once so self-sufficient, now so appealing in her wistful humility.

"So the little mother is indulging herself in a perfect orgy of house-keeping, and 'dolling herself up'." He pressed her hand to divert her thoughts from the catch in his voice that would come at sight of the mother of sixty years satisfying her suppressed ambitions while yet life lasted.

"Why it is as exciting as a game," she laughed. "Every

day I find some new way to be more particular and efficient, and it is real fun. If only—" and there was a catch in the mother's voice as she controlled herself and went on, "if only your father were here. I can see now that he wanted to be proud of me in every way. Well, maybe I'll have a chance, on the other side, to show him the improvement I've made since he left me here."

Mayor Jones folded his mother in his arms again. Her thoughts were precisely what his had been. It was a solemn moment for both. The next day a box of roses came for Mrs. Jones with the compliments of her son and the wish that time and strength might be hers to make every dream come true. There was also a substantial check with the suggestion that she take some friend, widowed like herself, to a temple city where both could enjoy some spiritual work.

Meanwhile five other mature women, grown suddenly young, were finding it "real fun" to break their own records and realize dreams. A new zest brightened the meetings of The Relief Society and sewing circle of North Hammond. Aches and pains were far off and forgotten themes. History, music, travel, art, new recipes, new patterns for bootees and shawls, pin-money methods and markets, were absorbing themes. And, side by side with thoughts of the hereafter, strode the thought to prepare more worthily here.

TEMPLE HYMN.

By Lucy May Green.

In thy service, Heavenly Father, we thy children meet today.
Bless us with Thy Holy Spirit, aid us in our work, we pray.
We are thankful for thy gospel, for thy blessed truth and love.
May we ever be found faithful, never from thy pathway rove.
Purify our hearts, our Father, as we promise unto thee
All our life, our time, and talents, until death shall set us free.
May our lives be pure and holy; may we never go astray;
Ever strive to do our duty, walking in the narrow way,
Until life on earth is over. Faithful to the end may we
Dwell with thee in heavenly mansions, throughout all eternity.

A Testimony.

(This happened in March, 1897; it was written at the time it occurred, and was a wonderful experience and testimony.)

By Lucy May Green.

Evening on the Atlantic ocean. Calm and peaceful were the skies which were illuminated by the glorious rays of the setting sun. The wind had ceased blowing and the waves, which had been rising mountain high, how now sunk to a peaceful calm. The passengers of the steamship *Circassia* were strolling the deck, or sitting in groups in their deck-chairs. Some were discussing the progress the ship had made during the afternoon, and were eagerly counting the days that must elapse 'ere they could reach their distant homes, far away in the West.

Others were admiring the glorious cloud picture, as the golden sun sank lower and lower on the horizon, illuminating the waves until they sparkled like glowing diamonds. Among the passengers were several who, for the Gospel's sake, had long been separated from home and loved ones, and their hearts beat high, as they thought of the loving welcome that awaited them at home. Each dull thump of the engine was heard with gladness, as each forward bound of the vessel brought them nearer home.

Others were there whose hearts were sad yet full of courage; these had left father and mother and home and friends to gather to the Zion of God, and they too were looking forward with joy to the speedy fulfilment of their long-cherished desire to gather with the Saints in Zion.

Suddenly there came a crash which shook the vessel from stern to stern. In a moment all was confusion and people rushed to and fro in wild excitement.

In a few words the captain explained the gravity of the situation. The shaft of the engine had broken and the ship would float at the mercy of the winds and waves until the damage could be repaired. It was a trying moment for all. The wind had again risen, the sea had become greatly troubled, and a heavy storm was threatening.

In the meantime, some of the passengers, those few humble servants of the Lord had gathered in one of the lower cabins in earnest prayer that God in His mighty power would preserve them from danger, and then by the power of the priesthood and in the name of Israel's God, the winds and waves were rebuked. "And suddenly there was a great calm." Into the hearts of these faith-

ful ones came stealing the sustaining influence of the Spirit of God. The promises that had been sealed on their heads prior to their departure from home came to their remembrances, that they would reach home in safety. A quiet, peaceful night was passed and in the morning the sea was calm and smooth with scarcely a ripple on the waves. This continued for three days and the engine again began to work and in due time the ship reached her desired haven. Some thought a miracle had been wrought and who shall deny it? Israel's God still lives. He who of old calmed the waves with His gentle "Peace be still, and he acknowledges the administrations of His authorized servants and still moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

Let us be encouraged by this manifestation of His power and know that there is no difficulty so great but with His help we can overcome it, and if the way is ever so dark, and everything seems against us, if we exert great faith in the Lord, stand firm in the testimony of Jesus, and keep His commandments, He will guide us safely through the voyage of life, through storms and sunshine until we land safely on the heavenly shore, our dearest haven.

A PRAYER.

By Edith McClendon.

Help me, dear Lord, to ever pray
For light to guide my way,
For wisdom pure that I might see
The path that leads to thee.

Help me, each day, to stronger grow,
Thy children's needs to see,
That I may help some weaker soul
In safety back to thee.

For with thy help all tasks seem light,
Our path with flowers are strewn,
Without it, all is very dark,
And we are left in gloom.

Ofttimes the world seems sad and dark,
And trials hard to bear.
Oh! help us, then, to seek for light
In true and earnest prayer.

MESA, ARIZONA.

My Testimony Concerning Temple Work.

By Lerona A. Wilson.

Last fall the Lord, in his tender mercy, touched me and brought me near to death's door. By the power of faith and fervent prayer, my life was preserved, and after a severe case of blood poisoning, I still retain my precious right hand. When I became humble enough and prayerful enough, so that I could exercise faith, I had what was to me a remarkable experience; and I want to testify of what I saw and heard.

When my life seemed to be hanging in the balance, and I was suffering pain and distress, lying upon my bed at midday, I was praying most fervently for deliverance, with all the faith I could exercise. My room suddenly became lighted brightly with a soft, white light, then a number of my deceased relatives came into my room. My father came first, then my mother, my sister and her son's wife and two doctors, who were among our ancestors for whom we had done ordinance work in the temple. All stood around my bed, and father addressed me, saying: "You seem to be in distress."

I answered that I was, and did not know how I could endure it much longer.

Father was dressed in a uniform such as he wore as an officer of the Nauvoo Legion, in the early history of the Church. Many still remember Major Monroe, when he lived in Ogden and took part in the Echo Canyon campaign and in Indian troubles.

Continuing he said: "I have come to talk to you about doing the temple work for our dead ancestors."

At that point I caught the eye of my nephew's wife, whose death was the most recent, and who left four very young boys, one an infant, and to whose death I could hardly become reconciled; and I said to her: "O, Lydia, how are your little boys?"

She replied: "They are all right, they are with their father."

I asked again: "But why did you leave them?"

Father answered for her: "We required her for an interpreter. We could not get along without her."

I asked: "What calling is greater for a mother than to care for her infant children?"

Father replied: "Others can take good care of her children, but there are few people who are qualified for the work she is doing. She had prepared herself." (I knew that to be true.)

Father asked me if I would go to the temple and take up the ordinance work for our kindred dead.

I said: "How can I leave my work (in my school of dress-making), and my family?"

My mother spoke this time: "I had to leave my family just when I was needed the most. You can remain with your family. You will only need to spend a part of your time in the temple."

Then my sister said: "I had to leave my family, too, when I was so much needed, and Lydia had to leave her little ones."

These remarks made my excuse seem very weak. Father wanted me to promise him that I would do this work, and I gave him my promise that I would.

"Now remember," he said, "it will require much faith. Do you think you can have faith enough?"

"Father, I will do all in my power," I replied, for while under that exalting influence, it seemed an easy matter to have faith.

Father then drew his sword and flashed it above my head. His tone changed from that of a gentle father, to the loud, stern voice of a commanding officer as he said:

"If you do not, I will mow you down like stubble, and move you out of the way and raise up some one who will."

Sensing more fully the difficulties of the task I had taken upon myself, I wanted to know how I could obtain means to carry on the work.

Father said: "Call upon your brethren, they will help you."

"Why do you not go to them?"I enquired.

He answered: "I have tried and tried, but I cannot make an impression upon them."

"Then how is it that I can hear you?" was my next question.

"Read Section 89 of the Doctrine and Covenants, and you will understand," was his reply. (That section contains the Word of Wisdom).

Father then quoted from the scriptures giving chapter and verse, and taught me the law of baptism in greater force and beauty than I had ever heard it, and explained that this ordinance cannot be administered in the spirit world. The dead who have died without baptism must have the ordinance performed for them by the living.

He alluded to our kindred, saying they were a fine people, and they had received the gospel. They were most anxious to be advancing. They need to move on with other spirits who are in like condition and give place to the large numbers who are now crowding into that world.

I asked: "How about the other churches, are they not doing some good"?

He said: "Yes, in a way, but they have not the priesthood and can do little towards the salvation of the living or the dead.

The Lord has only one Church. All others are mere organizations —man made, which he does not recognize as far as the gospel ordinances go."

I asked if we would escape the calamities that are coming upon the earth.

He said we had no promise unless we cease to worship the god of pleasure and worship the true and living God. Unless we turn our hearts to God and serve him, he will not know us in the hour of peril and distress. We have no promise of protection unless we keep the Lord's commandments and perform our duty towards those in the spirit world.

As father was speaking about the god of pleasure, a panorama passed before me of playhouses crowded to overflowing, and empty or nearly empty churches.

I asked: "How am I to get genealogies"?

He said: "You will get help. People will assist you freely and willingly." (This has proved true.)

I asked: "Will I live to do this work?"

He replied: "You can live long, but you must change your mode of living. You should only eat the purest foods and eat sparingly."

The work of the Lord, to him, was the all in all. He said in answer to a question: "If the people will enter into the temple and do the work for the dead, do enough of it, put spirit into the work, and do it right, they will have peace. But if the dead are neglected, the earth will be smitten.

During an interview the two doctors became very much interested in my afflicted hand and told me what to do for it, but father said: "Do what you will, your hand will not be loosened up until you have proved your faithfulness." Which was true.

Before parting, father instructed me to testify to the people of these things, and not let an opportunity pass.

There was much more that would be of interest, for the interview lasted several hours, but this is already too lengthy for this occasion.

The greatest lesson ever learned is the lesson of a wise choice of duties; to know which labor to perform, and which to leave undone. Where to put emphasis, and where to lift the pressure. To balance our lives and duties, so that each receives due attention and no more. To discover and apply—wisdom.

Home Economics. Department.

Janette A. Hyde.

The General Board of the Relief Society has solved the problem of giving to the members of the Society the same advantages of training in Home Economics, which the younger members of our communities have been receiving through the splendid courses given in our State and Church schools.

By co-operating with the Utah Agricultural College, we are now prepared to offer a good course in home economics, and we will be greatly assisted by having expert teachers sent to the various cities and counties whenever we require that assistance. The great advantage of having our lesson work presented at the Agricultural College, institutes and roundups, held in different parts of the state, and as named in the following outline, will appeal to every woman in the Society.

Through the generosity of Congress, each state receives ten thousand dollars yearly to give all women in each state through the extention division, an opportunity for scientific training in all branches of domestic labor. Our own Agricultural College has mapped out a very efficient and thorough plan to carry this work to the homes of the women of this State. And when we learned that this course was open to all women, regardless of political, religious, or other qualifications, we approached Dr. Widtsoe and Dr. E. G. Peterson with a request for help in the course we contemplated introducing in our own Relief Society Guide. Both these gentlemen, with Miss McCheyne, who is in charge of this particular division of work, cordially agreed to meet any plan we might propose with both lesson outlines and expert help and teaching for local or general conventions. Indeed, they did more; they generously offered to co-ordinate our work so that it would find a place in their own regular round-ups. The General Committee appointed by the Relief Society Board, to have charge of this work are Mrs. Janette A. Hyde, Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman with Miss Sarah Eddington. The committee appointed by Dr. Widtsoe and Dr. Peterson to co-operate with our committee is Miss Gertrude McCheyne, Mrs. Leah D. Widtsoe, Mrs. Lorin Merrill, Mrs. Hazel Love Dunford, Mrs. Effie Ensign Merrill, Mrs. E. D. Ball. Stake Presidents have been asked to co-operate with us in this great undertaking, by appointing women to supervise the work and be present at the institutes and conventions in their particular localities, whenever possible; but if more convenient, they may attend the Round-up in any other district. These conventions will not only encourage us in our our daily labors,

THE HOME ECONOMICS BUILDING, AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, LOGAN

but will be as well a means of assisting us to systematize and scientifically organize our home work and business.

At the Housekeepers' institute and conventions our delegates will have the subjects given them from our outlines as found in the January issue of the MAGAZINE. Our Relief Society delegates will also have the privilege of taking up any other special courses, that they may receive a thorough understanding of the Home Economics courses, so that they may return to their wards qualified to give the lesson work to the members. Moreover, the delegates will receive special pedagogical instruction on how to teach the lessons in their wards.

It must be understood that our lessons, which are taken from the Outlines, have been—in our case—specially applied to our Relief Society women, who are members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

If any other sect or organized body of women were to use the outlines, they would of course modify the lessons and outlines to suit their exact needs. However, all this has been definitely discussed and understood by the Agricultural College authorities in conference with our committee.

We suggest to Stake and Ward Presidents that they invite all women who may desire this excellent course to attend the sessions, and indeed, to join our Society, without distinction of religion or condition, if such candidates are accepted by the local branch thus appealed to. And where any home economics workers are found in the cities or wards, invite them to a place on your Home Economics committee.

MRS. RORER'S RECIPES.

As Demonstrated August 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 1915.

Fricasse of Chicken.—Disjoint chicken. Cover with boiling water in a casserole, mold and cook three-quarters of an hour. Add one teaspoonful of salt, level tablespoonful of flour, moisten with half cup of milk, a saltspoonful of pepper. Cook 15 minutes. Cover with dumplings made by sifting together one cupful of flour, one teaspoonful baking powder, one-half teaspoonful salt. Add milk to moisten—about half a cup. Cook ten minutes longer and serve.

Ragout of Beef with Dumplings—One pound of beef, one small onion, two tablespoonfuls of suet, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one pint of boiling water, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of coloring, and one teaspoonful pepper, if desired. Put the suet and onion in the oven until the onion becomes soft, then put in the meat and leave in oven until it is well seared, then add the flour, water and seasoning. Bake three-quarters of an hour.

Steak Stanley—One pound chopped raw meat, a tablespoonful of salt, a staltspoonful pepper, four bananas, two tablespoonfuls butter, two tablespoonfuls flour, half-pint milk, two tabelspoonfuls dry horseradish. Add salt and pepper to meat and form into four steaks. Grease pie dish, arrange steaks and put in oven. Remove skins from bananas, put them into another pie dish, pour over a little melted butter, dust with sugar and put in oven. Make half a pint of white sauce, add the horse radish and a little extra salt and pepper and stand if over hot water. Turn steaks once. When done and ready to serve put horseradish sauce in bottom of heated platter, stand steaks in sauce, put bananas on top and serve.

Cannelon of Beef.—Pound chopped raw beef, cupful bread crumbs, tablespoonful grated onion, teaspoonful salt, tablespoonful chopped parsley, saltspoonful pepper, one whole egg. Mix ingredients, form into roll six ienhes long, wrap in greased paper, put on pie dish, cover the bottom of dish with water, add level tablespoonful butter and bake in quick oven half an hour, basting over the paper once or twice. Remove paper, dish the cannelon on heated platter, pour around tomato or brown sauce.

Honolulu Ham—Trim neatly a thick slice of ham, put in large casserole, cover with four potatoes, pare and cut into slices; add cupful milk and a dusting of pepper. Bake in slow oven half an hour or until potatoes are tender.

White Sauce.—Two tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one-half cup of milk. Rub the butter and flour together, then add milk; stir over the fire until it reaches a boiling point.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Before trying to pull threads in linen, run a very damp piece of cloth along the line where the thread is to be pulled. It will surprise you how easily your thread will pull while your cloth is damp.

A Porch Comfort.—A useful idea in porch furniture is to have a shelf inside the porch rail, about one foot wide and one foot from the porch floor. The men will find an excellent foot rest, the women, a shelf for workbaskets or books. And just what the children want to sit on.

For a Sunny Back Porch.—Select a pole lima bean plant which not only gives the desired shade, but also provides a vegtable for the summer, also saves poling the beans, and economizes the garden space. Relief Society women, try this bean; it will be the envy of your friends and neighbors.

Much can be done toward freshening a room left shabby by winter's use, by using a pot of paint and a few yards of flowered chintz, cretonnes or hand painted linens. The variety of chintzes

shown by the department stores is great enough to meet any particular requirement.

Many girls who are trying to decide upon a profession or vocation do not realize that the field for nursing offers advantages not to be found in many other callings.

One of the first requirements of a successful nurse is a true spirit of service with a sincere interest in people of all kinds and classes. Few professions offer a larger field of usefulness.

UTAH AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

John A. Widtsoe, President.

Farm and Home Conventions (called also Farmers' Roundup and Housekeepers' Conference) to be held as follows:

Monroe—Jan. 10-22.

Logan, Jan. 24-Feb. 5.

Cedar City—Feb. 9-19.

The 1916 sessions will be most important meetings of progressive farmers and housewives.

INSTITUTES AND SCHOOLS.

January 8—Institute, Weber County.
January 10-12—Round-up, Monroe.
January 22—Institute, Granite.
January 22—Institute, Weber.
January 24-31—Round-up, Logan.
February 1-5—Round-up, Logan.
February 7-19—Round-up, Logan.
February 7-19—Round-up, Cedar.
February 7-12—School, Granite High School.
February 21-26—School, Beaver.
February 28—American Fork.
March 3-4—Tooele.

HOUSEKEEPERS' CONFERENCE.

Courses in teaching Home Economics to women's organizations. Gertrude M. McCheyne.

Jan. 25th, 10 to 12 a. m.—

The purpose of the lessons: A general survey of the course. Methods of handling the lessons. How to conduct demonstrations. The Home Economics movement.—Miss McCheyne..

Discussion of Lessons 2 and 3. What to bring out in the questions. Suggestions for handling question 8, so as to include

their actual homework. Round table discussion on questions 10 and 11.—Mrs. Leah D. Widtsoe.

Discussion of the budget as a help in the home. How to teach home-makers how to make a business of housekeeping. Suggestions as to carrying out the lessons.—Mrs. Effie Merrill.

A demonstration of budget making. Results obtained from uses of budgets.—Mrs. E. D. Ball, Mrs. C. A. Packham.

Home schedules to suit various needs. System the secret of success.—Mrs. E. D. Ball, Mrs. C. A. Packham.

"The Servant in the House," Evils of the present system. Changes suggested. Effect of teaching home economics on this problem.

Co-operation in home work between members of family homes and communities. Are European methods applicable to Utah homes? Suggestions for co-operation laundries, bakeries, from Wisconsin and Minnesota.—Miss McCheyne.

The buesiness of being a parent. Children's rights. Character building. The prose and poetry of home-life.—Mrs. Lorin Merrill. Mrs. Leah D. Widtsoe.

HOME ECONOMICS WORK UNDER THE SMITH-LEVER ACT.

We copy here the opening paragraph from the *Journal of Home Economics* for September, written by the United States representative of this work, Dr. A. C True:

The Smith-Lever Act makes provision for "co-operative agricultural extension work which shall consist of the giving of instruction and practical demonstrations in agriculture and Home Economics to persons not attending or resident" in the agricultural colleges. There is nothing in the Act making any division of the fund between agriculture and Home Economics. The money goes to the state agricultural colleges, which are to make plans for the work subject to the approval of the Secretary of Agriculture.

This Act is the outcome of the agricultural extension and demonstration work which the United States Department of Agriculture and the agricultural colleges have been doing for a number of years.

A Prince of Ur.

Homespun.

Abram had many charges to execute on that momentous day. He knew by this time that his father's palace was to be no longer his dwelling place; that his steps must be turned forever away from the scenes of his childhood and from the loveliness of his native land. He knew that his own life should not be taken, for he had the promise, but others were in dire distress and danger. Moreover, he had much to do to prepare for that exodus which might come at any moment. His great library must be prepared for passage over plain and river. His delicate astronomical instruments must be carefully packed and made ready for the camel's back. While his altar accessories, sacred as life itself, must be securely folded away by his own hands only. And most sacred of all, was the one precious relic which had come down to him from his great-grandfather Noah in a direct line for nine generations—the one thing which was proof to God and His angels that Abram was the vice-gerent of God upon this earth, that he was by endowment and ordination a prophet, seer and revelator, that wondrous instrument by which Abram could commune with his Maker when it was necessary and wise. That instrument—called even in those early days, the Urim and Thummim—this was to be most sacredly disposed about his own person, for in no other way could it be conveyed out of Chaldee and into that Promised Land beyond the river of waters. All this lay upon Abram's heart for careful consideration and preparation.

As Abram kneeled at sunset, in the altar chamber of his high tower, he poured out his soul in agonized prayer. Abram's temper was not of the volatile and firey quality which marked the Assyrin hosts about him. His own was that superbly quiet spirit that lies like the pool of Siloam deep in the shoulders of the rock-ribbed hills; hushed and still yet ready always to be poured out in lavish warmth and fulness when the angel of the Presence touched its surfaces. Abram could be roused, but never excited. He needed time to map out his plan of action, and to mature his best wisdom. If action was required, he depended upon the Spirit of the Lord to give swiftness to his voice and to quicken his arrow. But his was rather the deep and changeless sea than a trickling stream of uncertain sound and depth. He had counseled long with Lot and Eliezer. Swift runners were sent out into every camp of Shemites on the plains of Shinar. The servants had worked faithfully, had labored quietly, and all were watting the word

of command. All were loyally ready for quick marching service, if occasion required, for each of them knew the perilous condition of his master.

As the evening closed in, Abram laid his dark abaya over his robe, and with quiet steps, he descended from his tower and guided his way into the park gardens of the palace. As he passed the woman's courtyard, he saw down one of the dim aisles the flutter of a scarf. His pulses leaped with human fire, for his mind was now sufficiently delivered from the fierce anxiety of his preparation and the discharge of his most sacred duty to permit his thoughts to go searching after his beloved. And that fluttering scarf might be Sarai's. Might be—why, who was it? Abram stood glued to the spot.

"My lord Abram?" called Iscah. "Here, come here." The voice was boldness and cajolery itself.

'Abram," she cried again, more shrilly than before. "Come hither. It is I, Iscah. Do you think my robes are regal? What say you? Shall we walk in the cool of the evening on the turret gardens?"

Mardan suddenly appeared close beside them. But with a grimace and a sharp thrust of her hands, the wilful girl said,

"Mardan, go you on. I will walk with Abram. I have much to say." Then as aMrdan demurred, she threw back her head and cried loudly,

"Am I a child, or am I the Princess Iscah? Shall I not be obeyed? To be a courtier of the palace of Ur requires that princesses shall be obeyed by courtier! Besides, Mardan, you might just as well go on, for I shall not come 'till I am quite ready. If you like, you can wait at the southern gate of the king's apartments. Go, like a good Mardan, there now."

Mardan was too crafty to try to check the wild impulses of a half crazed girl. He knew by the smouldering fires in her eyes that her recent experience had affected her as they usually did all jealous women, with a sort of temporary insanity. She must be humored at any cost. For her possible disclosures would perchance involve himself, and at least might warn Abram. However, all that was left for him to do was to trust to the black luck which had so far followed him in all his easy-luxury, loving life. He silently brought out his hidden phallus, and as he turned away, he kissed its revolting image to insure its protection for his superstitious mind.

"Abram, dear, sweet kinsman Abram, let me walk by your side. I am very distraught," said Iscah.

With the deep courtesy which was so much a part of his kingly nature, Abram at once turned, in spite of the distaste he felt, and kept step with the fluttering swiftness of the gayly-decked maiden beside him. He was too wise to make any comment

upon the high painted cheeks and lips, the drug-widened eyes and penciled brows, the jeweled tresses, curling in studied abandon down the maiden's shoulders; nor did he comment on the richly embroidered dress which left the beautiful arms, neck, and breast of the girl fully exposed, clasped as they were with necklaces and bracelets of pearls and sapphires, with amulets and rings about her fingers. It was the first time Abram had ever seen one of the women of his father's household clad in the gala robes of the Assyrian lady of fashion. But he still said nothing to the excited girl, who chattered on by his side. He scarcely knew what to say to her, and gravely prayed to God for wisdom in this domestic crisis.

'My dear Lord Abram, I have reached the very turning point in my life. You have never understood me"—here the vermillion lips pouted with petulent grief—"and you have always turned aside my deepest impulses."

"Nay, lady, let not thy lips deceive thy heart. If thou wilt speak truly, thou must say that Abram hath truly loved and would fondly cherish his kinswoman Iscah."

"Aye, that would be true. But how loved?"

"As truly loved as ever pure and gentle maidens should be loved, my lady."

"Nay, but even now, in my last wild extremity, you turn aside my attempts to reach your heart with your sweet phrases coined of generalities which mean nothing. Speak from thy heart, not from thy head."

Abram, like other great and lonely natures, was quite unable to parry with craftily turned sentences, or sudden thrusts. So he retreated into silence, as was his wont.

"And now, when you have nothing to say which would really save me from madness and destruction as usual in such cases in your intercourse with me, you just shut your close lips and will not speak at all."

The wild, yet certain, affection in the girl's tone smote Abram like a knife.

"My child, my poor, unhappy child, speak plainly. Tell me what you mean? What reckless threat lingers in the background of your speech. Remember that Abram loves you like a brother, that he would shield you and protect you from every harm—would give his very life, if necessary."

"Oh, dearest and noblest of kinsmen, say that once again. Speak with trembling love in your tones like that to me always, and I will fly to the uttermost parts of the earth for you, with you. I will be your slave, your maid-servant, bought with a price!" With wild abandon the poor crazed girl had thrown her arms

about his neck and now clung to him, sobbing, clinging to him so closely that she was trembling and breathless.

"My little dove, my poor little kinswoman."

'Nay, call me not by that distant hateful title of kinswoman. Call me thine own true love—call me by all those endearing titles mine ears have ached to hear from your beloved lips. Hold me close in thine arms."

This outburst of passion was more than Abram was able to bear quietly, although it shook him from head to foot, he was more profoundly antagonized than words could have expressed. How had this pretty ignorant child so suddenly developed a power which he in common with good men despised when it was left to flood unliscensed over the human soul. He took the girl's arms from around his neck, and said with firmness,

"Iscah, I don't pretend to deny that I have at last fathomed the cause of your strange conduct to me these last few days. I have sought to excuse and extenuate, but tonight, I can bear no more."

"Shall not a maiden have the right to love?" she asked sneeringly, while her lips curled scornfully over the pretty white teeth.

"Yes, indeed she shall. But there are two kinds of love, Iscah, as there are two kinds of religion. And the human heart that gives place to one in truth has no room to accomodate the other."

"And do you mean thus to tell me that my love for you is base and false?"

"I would urge you to see for yourself that love purifies, ennobles, glorifies man or woman who enjoys its presence. No matter if the object of that love is never gained in life—if the love be pure and constant, the future realms of Silver Light, as these Assyrians call heaven, are but the more eagerly sought, the more devotedly prepared for, in order to attain the bright fulfilment of that cherished love. The passion which is never satisfied except when selfishly gratified and ruthlessly demanded, can never do aught but degrade the human soul."

"Abram, answer me one question,—do you love my kinswoman Sarai?"

Abram stood with his arms folded across his breast, his eyes bent upon the ground. It seemed a sacrilege to thus flaunt the name of this beautiful lady in the public alleys of the palace, and to lift his eyes to the face of this fiercely angry and jealous rival. But he reasoned, that if he remained silent, the hope thus again kindled in the unhappy girl before him might only prolong her misery and his own sorrow. Meanwhile, the girl was watching him with cat-like eyes. His whole body was crouched as if ready to spring panther-wise. Her arms hugged her sides closely.

At last, Abram spoke, "I have loved the Princess Sarai since I was a boy. And I shall love her through eternity, no matter whether I am so blessed as to claim her on this earth or not."

With a cry as of a wounded animal in pain, Iscah tore his arms from his breast, and flinging herself into them, she clung to him with the desperation of madness.

"O, I could kill you both for that. Sarai has always won the very things I most desired. With her beauty and her cunning powers, she has stolen from me my father's best affection; the very servants obey her gladly while they fear and dreal my approach. She has gifts and graces God denied to me; kings desire her and nations conspire for her possession. O, why has this been? And now, to know at last that she has entered the citadel of a heart I have so passionately desired to capture as mine own; that Sarai is the beloved of Abram as of all others whose love I so desire. O, I could kill you both—kill you both—kill."

The girl sobbed and moaned while Abram tried to sooth and quiet her. Suddenly, she sprang from him, and like a tigress, she dug her nails into his bare arm. Then she hissed in his ear.

"You could have saved me if you would—you could, you could. Remember that; and now you have doomed me to the lowest depths of hell—"

"Nay, Iscah, I will not hear you speak so; I have had little to do with you or your love. God knows that I have been patient and fair, and very tender, but the passion you speak of does not originate in heaven, nor does it save people. Sometime, somewhere, you and all others must meet the lions of fierce temptation and couquer them, alone—alone, without one soul to help or hinder you. All the acts and words of your life will go towards making of that strugggle a triumph of faith or a descent into purgatory. I could not help you from reaching that place in your life, for you must meet it here or hereafter. That trial is upon you now. This is your moment of choice. I beseech of you to think, to fight this fiend, to put far from you this wild temptation. Come to me, with me, fair lady, be sane, be wise."

"Will you take me as your wedded wife?" she asked in low and vibrant tones. And the man bent above her sorrowing, for he knew that what he said he would do, though the heavens fell.

"Yes, Lady Iscah, I will take you for my wedded wife."

"And will you cast Sarai out of your heart forever and forever?"

"You have no right to ask of me such a thing. I refuse to allow you to enter into my soul's problems thus."

"Then," she cried wildly, "then it means that you would make of me just what I have always been, a dimmed star, a secondary light, a servant, a slave of proud and haughty Sarai. Nay, nay,

Abram, go thy way, and I shall go mine. Seek thy Sarai, but seek her on the altar of Elkanah. Either or both of you shall pay for this insult with your lives. Remember what I say. Sarai may be beautiful, but so am I. Sarai may win the king's regard, so can I. She may be the bride of a prince; I shall be the mistress and the priestess of the king. Ha,—go thy way—go thy way."

With a hissing Assyrian curse upon her lips, she eluded Abram's outstretched arms, and like the comet she was, she flew through the gateway with her eunuch close behind her. As Abram started in pursuit, Mardan barred the way, with a dozen soldiers of the king's guard. Mardan smiled sneeringly as he turned and counterturned the soldiers to prevent Abram's egress from the gateway. "Abram is soon to be the king's prisoner," sneered Mardan.

And thus Abram took his final way through the gardens of the palace. Iscah flew to her apartments.

On her way she met Lot who confided to her ears the hurried wedding preparations wrich were going forward for that night. Iscah scarcely heard him. She sped on.

She cried out loudly,

"Serim, Eros, quick, bring me coffee, bring me wine, bring me my sandals, prepare my bath."

As the slaves flew to carry out her peremptory orders, a ennuch entered backwards, and prostrating himself before her, he threw up his hand in a secret sign.

"What is it, Irad? Quick, speak, or thy tongue shall be slashed!"

"The Cushite priestess, Zillah, waits without."

The ennuch had brought Iscah good news. Her unstrung nerves, her sense of utter shame, and her new abandonment needed just the stimulus of this powerful priestess of a cult which had but just gained the Hebrew maiden for its votary but which lustful worship was old in all its powerful hideousness to the Cushite who waited without.

"Room, room," muttered the Cushite, when she had bowed low at the couch of her mistress. Priestess she might be, but in the household of Terah which claimed her presence, Zillah was still the bondwoman of the princess whose father had bought her in the open market place.

"Leave us alone," cried Iscah loudly to her attendants. They all scampered at her tone, fairly falling over each other in their endeavor to get behind the door draperies, and then out beyond the corridors. Only the eunuch remained behind, standing silent but menacing enough, a figure carved as if in bronze marble, just beside the curtained entrance to the chamber.

With another sign, Zillah looked furtively at the eunuch. But Iscah said savagely,

"Say on, thou bird of ill-omen, I will not send my body-guard away. His ears have outlets only behind my own tongue. Speak on, I say."

Zillah looked with some natural apprehension at her young mistress. Impatient and quick-spoken, proud Iscah had always been; but there was a metallic ring to her voice, a glare of smouldering fire behind her eyes that made even the hardened black wench wince with fear.

"My gracious princess, queen of loveliness and lady of the Silver Light, I have come to thee with news most important."

"Well, cease thy sophistries, for I have now graduated in thine own bestial university; tell thy quick, unvarnished tale. Quick, I say!"

"Princess, knowest thou that the Prince Abram has come under the dire displeasure of the Emperor Nimrod? He has sought to prevent the very noble and glorious offering of mine own husband's daughters on the dedicatory altar of Elkanah to-morrow night. Moreover, he has presumed to argue on points of religious doctrine with the very God Nimrod-Merodach, speaking blasphemy, in the presence of the Father god, the Lord of the Alabaster House, the Lord duly returning! Nimrod is justly offended and has decreed the quick punishment of Abraham."

"Wait, Zillah," cried the princess, her brows knitting in sudden pain. She had no intention of allowing such meddling with her own angry punishment of her Cousin Abram, for she was cunning enough to hope she could devise ways to bring him yet bending to her feet, if she could but be left alone.

"Hold, I say. What fool has been prating our affairs to Nimrod?"

"Sarai, my mistress, 'twas thy Cousin Sarai, sweet mistress" and the wicked voice of the Cushite rolled again and again this sweet morsel over her huge lips as she repeated the name in oily accents.

"Sarai? Tell me the story."

Thereupon, the black woman detailed the interview between Sarai and the emperor, and the terrible scene which had followed. But there she paused. Her cunning brain taught her how to prepare her climax so to bring about the fierce storm she knew would rage.

"So! Sarai has been meddling with my business. She has betrayed my generous intentions to his gracious majesty of offering my slave-girls to dedicate the new altar! But I fancy Nimrod gave her no thanks for trying to stop the glorious sacrifice, hey?"

"Nay, nay, princess, quite the contrary."

"And Sarai? What said Nimrod when he saw her?"

"The emperor, he was quite undone, your highness. He gaped at her with both open eyes and mouth. He was like to one crazy. He let his great chops down as if they were a secret door opened, and they ready to close over her beauteous lips."

"Pah, Cushite wench, you sicken me!" Indeed the rush of swift memory of her own recent bitter humiliating experiences had not faded, nor had her passions yet seized upon the blackest chambers of her secret soul. Poor misguided damsel! She stood at the threshold of her whole eternal existence. The small vanities, the crude selfishnesses of her petty vagaries, the subtle and captivating coqueteries of her youthful impulses had now been changed into the very snares and fires of the deepest hell. But at its mouth, she stood with terrified gaze, her own slender feet half unwilling now to enter into that awful vortex of human depravity. Her delicate sensibilities were still dreading to fasten upon her body the chains which would sink with corroding fetters into her very vitals and soon or late destroy her, body and soul. At such moments, the sum of our existence is told by the lifting of an eyebrow, the tone of a voice, the lilt of a song, the lack of a prayer, and the absence of an angel. O, where was Iscah's angel?

There stood before Iscah only the leering face of that Cushite devil in woman's form; and she—subtle wench that she was—lifted up her head with proud abandon, feigning indifference, as she said with studied accents of light import:

"That is not all your Cousin Sarai hath done."

"No? Then quickly tell the rest. Or out of my presence you will pack, forever, or I will have Irad fling you out head first."

The woman threw up her head proudly. She was no coward.

"Guard thy tongue, princess though thou art, or I shall lift mine hand seven times to Elkaneh with thy name upon my lips."

This dark threat of some unknown evil curse, quelled the irritable girl, but she still stamped her delicate foot impatiently. "Go on," she cried.

"The princess Sarai has learned of the determination of the emperor, and she has incited her brother Lot to sly rebellion against his father and his king. Lot is now gathering the shepherd forces of the tribe of Tereh, and this night they will be scattered amongst the soldiery of the king, as they ascend the temple sanctuary. A surprise will not be difficult, and in the confusion. Abram and Sarai—"

"Abram and Sarai, say you—"

"Aye, your highness, Abram and Sarai! Know you not of their love? They will escape to the plains outside, and then ho for liberty and a foreign land."

"We shall see—we shall see," cried Iscah, as she led the way furiously to the palace gardens.

"Ho, slaves—approach, quick," cried Iscah as she regained her apartments. And the now angry and wildly excited princess clapped her hands with furious impetuosity. "Here, all of you, quick, my bath, my royal robes, my jewels, my perfumes, my gods, aye—every one of those precious little augurs. Bring them all! Throw incense before them, bring me my phallus, wreath it in roses of Damask, and bear it before me. I shall seek the halls of the emperor. If he desires to see beautiful women, shall I not be there? Zillah, is not my face as fair, my hair as dusky, my lips as seductive as can be claimed by my hated Lady Sarai?"

The slaves flew hither and thither, in vain endeavors to execute the crazed orders of their mistress. Zillah saw the havoc she had wrought, and fearing lest her plans would not mature, she said craftily,

"Let my princess be assured that if the Lord of the Alabaster House once gazes upon her countenance, his eyes will never leave her face. But be not too hasty. Kings like the fruit which hangs too high for mortal plucking. Let me summon Mardan. He shall excite the curiosity of our lord the king, and thou shalt come in after. Meanwhile, shall not Sarai be taught her lesson? Why shall not the altars of Merodach be purified and cleansed by the blood of the daughter of this house, Sarai? What thinkest thou? Let me summon Mardan."

"'Tis my own plan, Zillah. Let me but catch the ear of Nimrod, and I will risk my powers to please and thus secure my will. Bring Mardan. That is well put. He will help me, that I know."

The running of many feet, the tiring of many maidens, with quick and trembling hands, were all too slow for the fierce and jealous anger of the Princess Iscah. But she soon had Prince Mardan beside her, even as she was robing, and shame now having left her, she laughed in wild abandon at his wily pleasantries concerning her exposed beauty and her power to allure.

Woe is Iscah! What vortex is too deep for the foot of a jealous woman, whose passion is lashed by selfishness and driven by vanity!

As they entered the inner courtyard, Mardan halted. He had been commissioned to deliver Sarai that night into the arms of Nimrod. His own puzzled brains were at work to both satisfy and to defeat his father and king. That he, Mardan would try to convey Sarai into the precients of the temple of Mylitta, except when he himself were the ruling spirit and priest of the voluptuous spot, was quite out of the question. But he well knew that his life would not be worthy half a maneh unless that peremptory

order was compiled with. So here was Mardan, and here was the night coming on. What was to be done?

"Mardan"—called Iscah impatiently—"how may I see the king? I must see him, and see him I will, if the stars fall at my feet as I reach his throne."

"That is very easy, the seeing of my father. But why? Tell me of thy trouble, for I can tell that trouble is there from the flash of thy bright eyes and the scarlet of thy cheek. Tell me, kinswoman, thou canst trust Mardan."

"Tush, Mardan, I knew thee and thy ways. But still I say, find me a way to reach the king. I have my speech a-preparing."

"The very thing"—for a scheme flashed across Mardan's quick brain. The haunting image and likeness of Iscah to Sarai, so often a provoking and a dismal illusion, would now make Sarai's safety sure and would also be the greatest possible earthly glory to this passionate girl who was determined to throw her life away on a single act of vengeance or spite.

"I have an idea," he said ingratiatingly, too subtle to show the girl his real mind, but quite content to lead her on through her vindictiveness to her own utter ruin. "Canst thou attire thyself like Sarai? Canst thou robe thyself and tire thy hair, and so enrich thy carriage that the king will think thee Sarai?"

"Why should I try to be aught but myself? Am I not proud and lovely, Sarai's equal in beauty, and far surpassing her in warmth and alluringness?"

Mardan smiled into his discreet hand, as he said in oily tones,

"Thou art a peerless damsel. The stars would swing in their courses to pay thee homage and make thee their moon if thou were one of them. But your highness, the king hath seen Sarai, and hath not seen thee. So that he hath bethought himself to send by me his gracious invitation to Sarai to come to the Pavilion of Mylitta this very night and there be glorified by entrance into the Babylonian cult through his own gracious person. Now, as I look upon thy radiant beauty, it hath occurred to me that if the king were to see thee approach him in thy splendor, yet veiled as becometh a Shemmite maiden, he would surely bestow upon thee the full glory of his love, and it would be most easy for thee to thereafter disposess him of his last design and thyself become his queen, the high priestess who shall herself give the royal portents from her couch of gold in the Ziggurat in Nippur. To be the wife of Abram would be a small thing but to be the queen of Nimrod—Nimrod the mightiest hunter since time began and till time shall end—this is an honor that should fix the ambition of any daughter of man."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Current Topics.

By James H. Anderson.

China is once more a monarchy—and a good field for another revolution.

Football fatalities have become so numerous as to suggest "safety first" for a timely college "yell."

"Made in Utah," or even "made in America," will not fit some of the furnishings of the new State Capitol which have been shipped from foreign countries at great expense, and not of necessity.

Sugar statistics show Utah to be the fourth in production among the beet sugar states, California, Colorado and Michigan being ahead. Another Utah beet sugar factory for Box Elder County has been decided on.

The Presidential campaign of 1916 is fairly inaugurated by the selection of Chicago as the place for one of the two great national conventions, and St. Louis for the other place; the Republicans on June 7 and the Democrats on June 14, respectively.

War-preparedness as a safeguard for peace is one of the chief arguments urged by the ultra-advocates of a big army and navy for the United States. It hasn't seemed to work that way recently in Europe.

Reduction of taxes is sought by farmers' organizations in Cache County. A considerable reduction in the unnecessarily large number of public employes would help to check the evil complained of.

Recruiting for the British army in five days from the 7th of December brought 2,000,000 new men into the field for war. The British nation seems at last to be awakened to the seriousness of the struggle in which the nations of the Old World are engaged.

"Profanity"—In discussing this subject an influential New York journal remarks: "Nothing can be said in favor of swearing. As a habit it is disgusting." Yet the most notable display of vulgar language and swearing in public seems to be observed among peace officers chosen to protect public morals.

Marquis and Lady Aberdeen, who visited Utah in December, in the interest of the Aberdeen fund for the betterment of social and industrial conditions in Ireland, were given a most cordial reception in this state, and appear to be fully appreciative of the hearty welcome accorded them.

Six hours as a full laboring-day is the demand made by the building trades department of the American Federation of Labor. Possibly that is so the men may go home and do the washing and cleaning for their over-worked wives.

Educational purposes in Utah get 88.1 per cent of the state taxes, or 64.5 per cent of all the state revenues comprised under regular state taxes, licenses, inheritance tax, etc., as shown in the report of the state auditor. This is a very liberal endowment for the state toward its educational institutions.

Turkish atrocities in putting to death 15,000 Armenians at Bitlis consisted in forcibly extracting fingernails and toenails of their victims, knocking out their teeth, whittling off noses, assaulting the women, and putting the doomed human beings to death under lingering, shocking agony.

Henry Ford and his peace-mission associates did not find the European field prepared for their activities, at present. The initiated will understand that the present world-war is not to be terminated so long as the Turkish government is classed among the dominant factors in world-politics.

Free speech in the United States Senate is likely to prevail in the present session of Congress, since the party now in the majority there could not agree on a cloture rule. A strangling of free speech among the Senate solons likely would give more real cause for complaint than an occasional filibuster has done.

Austria and the United States were said to be on the verge of a breach of official relations, owing to the American demands for apology and reparation in the case of Americans killed in the sinking of the *Ancona;* but Austria, no more than Germany, could afford to defend the unprovoked killing of neutrals on unarmed ships at sea, so she has punished the guilty officer.

"*Throw spelling books* into the furnace," advocated H. B. Wilson, superintendent of schools at Topeka, Kansas, at the Utah Educational Association convention in Salt Lake City during the winter holidays. The extremely bad spelling in communications

received by the press throughout the country, for publication, from people (not excluding school teachers) indicates that Mr. Wilson's advice is altogether superfluous.

The Suez Canal is being threatened by Germany, Austria and Turkey, and is being fortified as a base for the advance of British and French troops into Turkey through Syria, along the western slopes of Palestine, where the latter forces will be within reach of support in men and munitions from a war fleet in the Mediterranean. Truly Syria is a prospective sanguinary field.

An anti-suffragist, Mrs. George, of Brookline, Mass., went before the U. S. Senate suffrage committee and endeavored to turn the Senators there against the equal suffrage amendment by injecting anti-"Mormon" prejudice in behalf of her contention. Fortunately, Senator George Sutherland of Utah was present, and under his questioning Mrs. George was brought to the necessity of retracting some of her falsehoods against the "Mormon" people.

Bagdad, in the valley of the Euphrates, once withstood the assault of more than 300,000 men. The British tried to take it with less than 30,000, against a much superior force of Turks, and have been forced back 95 miles along the Euphrates, after getting to within ten miles of the city. The next effort will be by a much increased army, which Britain now has available.

Foreign official representatives in this country may yet learn how to confine their warlike proclivities to their immediate antagonists and to outside of American soil, if the United States government continues its activity against those who violate neutrality in Uncle Sam's dominion under the cloak of official guests. Two representatives of Germany have been required to go home, another is under indictment and arrest, and still others are being investigated as within suspicion of criminality.

Parental control appears to be relegated to the background in some of the Eastern states, according to an influential New York newspaper, which says: "If the children don't rule the household, they at least shape their own course with scant respect for the wishes of their parents. The rudeness of boys is only matched by the brazenness of girls you pass on the streets." Unfortunately, this word-picture is descriptive of conditions occasionally observed in more western localities.

Query Box.

Conducted by Hazel Love Dunford.

We are opening this month a department for the asking and answering of questions, covering any and all phases of woman's interests. We have secured the services of a trained domestic scientist, who is a mother of several young children, herself a broad-minded, intelligent Latter-day Saint worker, in private and public affairs. We invite the attention and co-operation of our readers and friends. There is, of course, no charge attached to answers. But if you wish personal information which cannot be answered in this Department, send stamps for reply.

Address questions to:

QUERY DEPARTMENT,
Relief Society Magazine,
Room 29, Bishops Building,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

QUERY DEPARTMENT: Recently I wore a white chiffon waist with my navy blue suit. When I came home I was horrified to find my waist was badly discolored under the arms. Is there any way I can remove the coloring?—MRS. L. C. Y., Salt Lake.

MRS. L. C. Y.: Try dipping the discolored part of your waist in a little ammonia.

EDITOR OF THE QUERY DEPARTMENT: My husband is very fond of brown gravy. How can I satisfy him in this regard, and still have my meat just a nice brown. Are the colorings I buy in store harmful?—MARY B., Centerville.

MARY B.: No, the colorings, such as Kitchen Bouquet, etc., are not harmful, but are expensive. Try this recipe for home-made colorings:

2 c. sugar.	1 onion.	1 carrot.
1 c. water.	2 bay leaves.	1 t. salt.

Put the sugar in a granite pan, or frying pan, and brown until it is almost burnt. Then add the seasonings and simmer slowly thirty minutes and bottle it. It will keep indefinitely.

QUERY DEPARTMENT: Will you kindly give me a good recipe for potato soup?—FANNY D., Kanab, Utah.

FANNY D., Kanab: All cream soups are made much the same. They are composed of white sauce with some vegetable to flavor and a little seasoning, such as salt, pepper and onion.

Potato Soup:

1 c. mashed potatoes.	2 tb. butter.
1 qt. milk.	2 tb. flour.
1 t. salt.	1 small onion.
Pepper.	1 t. minced parsley.

Scald milk; thicken with the flour stirred with a little cold milk. Add potato and strain. Add butter and seasonings. When scalding the milk put in the onion.

DEAR EDITOR: My little boy is a very rapid eater. I know it is not good for him to bolt his food as he does. Can you suggest any way I could break him of this habit.—E. M., American Fork.

E. M., American Fork: You are right when you say you know it is not good for your child when he swallows his food whole. I would suggest that you take time to sit down with him and tell him a story while he eats. For instance, while he eats bread and milk, tell him how the old cow walks around in the pasture picking out the very best grasses, and there she lies in the shade and chews and chews so slowly on every bite, and in this way you will find the child will soon get the habit of eating slowly and chewing his food well.

I have been looking for a good vacuum sweeper. Can you give me any information as to kinds, and their relative value? Thanking you in advance, I am Yours truly, MRS. MABLE.

MRS. MABLE: There are many different vacuum sweepers on the market, ranging in price for from five to twelve dollars. A good company will always give you a trial, and you can use their sweeper and see how it works, for yourself. There are several different sweepers recommended that do good work. Some of these are the Bissel, the E. Z., and the Argyle. The Argyle is expensive, but does the work thoroughly. Any woman who wishes to make her work easy should have a sweeper in her home. It saves work in many different ways.

QUESTION IN GENEALOGY: How shall we record a child, when only the sex is given, as "son" or "daughter"?

Answer: Record exactly as written, as:

John Smith.
Mrs. Mary Smith.
Child.
John
Mary
———daughter.
———son.

If there is any evidence that the son or daughter became old enough for baptism, record them as "Mr. Smith" or "Miss Smith."

Notes from the Field.

By the General Secretary, Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman.

Relief Society Books. It is greatly regretted that there has been an unavoidable delay in sending out the new books for secretaries and treasurers. We expected that these record books, with the teacher's books, would be delivered to the stake presidents by the last of December, and that they would be in the hands of the ward secretaries and treasurers by January 1st; but at this latter date, they were still in the hands of the printers. This delay was caused by the usual rush of business in the printing office at this time of the year, and to a shortage of paper in the local market.

Our stake presidents are always very prompt in attending to business matters, and we hope that at this time there will be no exceptions to the rule, and that they will be especially prompt in delivering the books to the wards. As the teachers' books were ready for distribution on January 1st, they were mailed out to the stakes, and were no doubt distributed to the wards immediately.

It was decided two years ago that a new set of books be arranged for Relief Society work, and when the plans of the same were presented at the business session of the October conference, it was recommended by the General Board, and decided, that the books be adopted by all the wards in the Church on January 1, 1916. It was understood, at that time, that many of the wards would still have space in their old books, and would question the advisability of discarding them, but as it is desirable that all the books and accounts be uniform throughout the Society, it was decided that all old books be filed for preservation at the close of 1915, and that the new books be adopted.

In a letter sent out to stake presidents, October 18th, we requested that the exact number of ward and branch Relief Society organizations be sent in, also the number of teachers' districts,—recommending that each teacher's district comprise only twelve families. This information was desired in order that we might have a sufficient number of books and report forms printed. The stake presidents responded immediately, and our order for books and for report forms was based on this information.

We have arranged for each ward—as reported—to have one secretary's and one treasurer's book, and a number of teacher's books, equal to the number of districts in the ward, that is, one teacher's book for each district. A few extra copies of the books were ordered in case new districts are organized, and may be had on application to this office.

The Secretaries' Book. The Secretaries' book is arranged for five years' work. It is separated in five distinct parts, with dates of years and months affixed. It is planned to contain both minutes and reports. Arrangement is made for minutes of four meetings each month, with space for brief minutes of business or preparation meetings.

At the end of each year's work, a report form is given, upon which the data for the yearly report may be recorded, and which agrees with the regular report form.

The Treasurers' Book. The Treasurers' book is also planned for five years' work, and is arranged to record all receipts and disbursements, with space for all transactions and for the names of donors and beneficiaries.

Teachers' Book. The Teachers' book contains instructions and suggestions to teachers. It is arranged for a permanent record of the names of the families residing in the district, for twelve monthly teachers' reports, and for a summary of donations for the year. On the sheet that is arranged for the monthly report, provision is made on one side for the names of the two teachers who have charge of the district, the names of those who make the donation, and the amount and kind of their donations, with a line for totals at the bottom of the page. On the other side of the sheet, provision is made for recording the names of new families arriving in the district, for the names of Relief Society members who have moved from the district, and for the activities of the Society as follows: Days spent with the sick, number of special visits to the sick, bodies prepared for burial, and number of days spent in Temple work. There is also special provision on this page for any general information the teachers may desire to report. Visits to the sick and days spent in the temple of a private character need not be here reported.

Stake books. Several stakes have recently sent orders to the office for stake record books. The General Board has not, as yet, made provision for such books. It is the plan, however, to provide for them before the end of 1916.

N. B. All ward books should be obtained from the stake presidents.

Presiding teachers. An inquiry recently came into the office asking if it is necessary and proper for each ward to have a presiding teacher. President Wells gives the following information on the subject: She states that at one time in the Relief Society, the teachers were supervised by one of their own number, who was called a presiding teacher; the plan was not successful,

however, and was later discarded. This occurred during the presidency of Eliza R. Snow. The General Board desires to abide by the ruling then made. President Emmeline B. Wells is emphatic in her wish to discontinue such a practice, if it has been revived in any of the wards.

IN MEMORIAM.

We are much pained to record the death of Mrs. Nellie Beecraft, first counselor to Mrs. Isabella M. Foulger of the Ogden Stake. Mrs. Beecraft was a woman of rare gifts, strong personality, and abiding faith. She was modest, sweet, unassuming, and lovable in disposition. She was a true friend, devoted wife and mother, and an untiring worker in the Church. Mrs. Beecraft joined the Church in August, 1880. A month later, she became a member of the Relief Society, and during all these 36 years, her service in the Organization has been continuous. For 24 years, Mrs. Beecraft held the position of ward secretary, and for 5 years she acted as stake secretary, resigning this latter position to become first counselor in the Ogden Stake Presidency. As secretary, she was prompt and accurate, and always ready and willing for any service connected with her position. Another cause which Sister Beecraft held dear to her heart, and in which she was an inspiration to hundreds in her stake, was the genealogical work. Through her, one of the first stake Relief Society classes of instruction was held in the Ogden Stake, and as a result of that class, 22 volumes of charts and sketches are now filed in the stake office.

On November 26, 1915, Mrs. Hariett Lee Whitby passed to the Great Beyond. Mrs. Whitby, at the time of her death, was president of the Marion Ward Relief Society in the Cassia Stake, a position she had held with honor and dignity for 20 years. Mrs. Whitby was the wife of James Whitby. She was borne in Tooele, but moved to Idaho in 1882, and was thus one of the pioneers of this valley. She was a helpful and dependable woman, using her time and talent for the benefit of the community. She was greatly beloved by her co-workers, and is deeply mourned by them.

Mrs. Abigail T. Shoemaker, wife of Ezra Shoemaker, died at her home in Manti on January 4, 1916. Mrs. Shoemaker was the daughter of Anna M. and Azariah Tuttle, pioneer residents of Sanpete county. She was president of the South Sanpete stake until November 5th, when she was released from her duties on account of ill health. She was a faithful and devoted worker in the Manti Temple, a sweet-spirited and gracious president, obedient to the priesthood, and a valued friend and Saint.

EDITORIAL

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Motto—Charity Never Faileth.

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RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor ..... Susa Young Gates
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Efficiency.

What is Efficiency?

The word used in modern business is this rather modern word—efficiency. We have efficiency engineers and efficiency experts in every department of the modern strenuous life—men who are able, competent and extremely alert; men who cut down expenses, men who discover weakness, and men who promote activity, who would teach other men how to accomplish results.

Efficiency in The Home.

These modern ideas of efficiency have actually invaded the home. Devices and "contraptions" for the lessening of work in the home, arrangements to save steps, to lessen the friction everywhere in the domestic machinery, through small compact kitchen laboratories, are the order of the day. Budgets to compose and adjust the household expenses are introduced into all the Home Science Departments in the technical schools. Efficient housekeepers, home-makers, wives, mothers and daughters, are the great modern requirement.

The Efficient Woman.

The efficient housekeeper has many of the elements of success required to offer for the efficient woman in any public business. Women who have learned to regulate their own affairs, to conduct their own intricate domestic problems, are, as a rule, qualified for a wider usefulness, a broader sphere of activity. But, alas, so few women, in the mass, are really efficient housekeepers. To do things in "any old way," at "any old time," is too often the rule in most households. And yet, this thing we call efficiency can be cultivated. We are never too old—we Relief Society women—to learn and to progress. Every truth we learn here, every fault overcome, every virtue acquired is just so much efficiency laid up in our bank on the other side. And spiritual efficiency will be the circulating medium hereafter.

Are you Efficient?

Are you an efficient wife and mother? An efficient housekeeper and homemaker? An efficient Relief Society member, teacher, or officer? If not, why not? Are you capable, competent, and faithful? Can you be depended on? When you say you will attend to anything, do you keep your word? Do you take responsibility? Do you give good service? Do your labors, produce the effects intended, or are they largely abortive? Do you earn, really and truly earn, no matter what you may be paid; do you earn efficiency wages or only day's wages? Is your activity productive of the most useful effects, or do you "jump up and down in a bucket all day and holler", as a Yankee grandmother characterized a certain woman's foolish waste of time and energy? These are the questions I ask myself, and I hereby pass them on to you. The world, the Church, and above all, the Relief Society, wants efficient women, members, and officers.

ATTENTION! GENEALOGICAL COMMITTEES.

In answer to many inquiries the General Board wishes it understood that the genealogical visits to be reported are official visits paid to the Temples by the ward Relief Society. Private visits of individuals to Temples need not be recorded on our reports.

Guide Lessons.

LESSON I.

Theology and Testimony.

FIRST WEEK IN MARCH.

WOMEN OF THE BIBLE.

REBECCA.

(Before this article is read, the account in the Bible should be carefully gone over. Genesis, chapters 24-27.)

Rebecca is a character. A good many women, you know, are not. The same thing, for that matter, may be said of men. Rebecca is more than a name which you vainly strive to develop into a personality. The personality is already there, developed before your eyes, and all you have to do is to see what is set before you—though sometimes you have to use a microscope and always your head. Drawn with the fewest possible strokes—an art known only to those old Bible writers—she stands out in bold relief, a woman of flesh and blood with the eternal values unchanged.

Rebecca is, first of all, a woman of rare physical beauty. On two different occasions we are told that she is "fair to look upon"—once when she stands there at the well in all the glory of her young virginity, fresh, energetic, generous, and then again as she is set over against the fair daughters of the Philstines when she, a matron, goes with her husband to their country, and all unconsciously enamors the lustful king.

The details of her life as given by the sacred writer, are few but tremendously significant.

We first see her at the well when the aged servant of Abraham came wife-seeking for Isaac. She is a young woman, overflowing with vitality, physical and spiritual. Out of the kindness of her heart she gives drink to the camels, too, although the stranger has asked drink only for himself. The conversation ended, she "runs," in the picturesque phrase of the Biblical narrative, to her mother and the household, to tell them of the new arrivals. She has courage and decision of character, for when her father and her mother hesitate about sending her to her future husband into a strange country and to a strange people, she immediately answers, "I will go!"

We see her next just before the birth of Esau and Isaac. A sign has occurred which gives her distress and concern. What does she do? Sit and brood in alarm over it or run with the delicate secret to some one who perhaps would know as little about it as the inexperienced young wife? Not at all—she is too self-reliant for that. Instead she goes to the Lord—how we do not know, nor does it matter,—but with such faith and trust in him as to obtain an answer that not only comforts and sustains her but reveals the larger purposes of God. "Two nations," she is told of the Lord, "are in thy womb, and two peoples shall be separated even from thy bowels. The one people shall be stronger than the other people; and the elder shall serve the younger." Here the Lord condescends to give Rebecca a revelation that touches the future of two peoples.

The next time she appears before us in the narrative is in the famous sceen of the transferred blessing, overhearing the now aged Isaac telling his elder son, Esau—the wild, the impulsive, the roaming Esau,—who is loved by the gentle, retiring Isaac more than is the quiet Jacob, to bring him a "savory offering" that he in turn may bless him. Now, this blessing was an important and significant event in the life of a follower of Abraham in those days. So Rebecca induces Jacob, her favorite son, to assume the appearance of the elder son, to anticipate him in the offering, and to receive the blessing in his stead, as he has already received from him the birthright. The plan succeeds.

Rebecca has often been severely censured for this deed. Examination of all the facts in the situation, however, will serve to throw the incident in another light. Isaac is very old—a hundred and thirty-seven years. Moreover, his physical, and perhaps his mental, powers are greatly enfeebled. Rebecca's powers, on the contrary, are as alert as ever, to all appearances. Isaac is about to go counter to what she, and perhaps he, knows is the will of the Lord, as revealed to her. For the Lord told her specifically that "the elder shall serve the younger". Now, she probably knew that she could not accomplish her end by direct means. So she used indirect means. Perhaps she has less implicit faith in the Lord to do his own work than Abraham would have had in the same situation, but that is because she wants to act rather than merely to think. At all events, she is *with* the Lord, whereas Isaac is about to be, and but for her would actually be, *against* the Lord.

Her final appearance is when Jacob is sent away to obtain a wife for himself. Esau, forgetful of the covenant, marries daughters of the land. But Jacob must marry from "the seed". So Rebeccca suggests that Jacob be sent away to her kindred for a helpmeet.

These facts and incidents show a strong woman, one with

an abundant vitality, physical and spiritual, with independence such as one would not expect in the East of the olden time, with a quick, resolute decision of character, and with great insight into the hidden purposes of the Lord, coupled with faith and trust in him, full of resource and tact.

QUESTIONS.

Who was Rebecca? Give each of the four incidents related of her. What characteristics does she exhibit in each? What do you think of her "deception" of Isaac? Show that Rebecca was a suitable companion to her husband. What differences do you observe between the customs of those days and ours?

LESSON II.

Work and Business.

SECOND WEEK IN MARCH.

LESSON III.

Genealogy and Art.

THIRD WEEK IN MARCH.

GENEALOGY.

FAMILY ASSOCIATIONS.

Most women, when approached with a suggestion to begin their temple work, make the excuse that they are not rich, are not the heir, or that they live at a long distance from a temple. These excuses can all be met with the advice to form a Family Organization. What is impossible to one lone individual becomes easy and pleasant when undertaken by a well-organized group of persons. The single, small contributions make a great sum. The heir will usually be glad to unite with all members of the family, and appoint a temple committee who will have charge of the various phases of the temple work for the family. Genealogical supervisors are requested to study the chapter on Family Organization, found in the Genealogical Lesson Book, to present this week's lesson.

Suggestions:

1. After explaining the lesson, let the supervisor proceed to organize a model family organization right in the class. Let nomi-

nations be made for a president, two vice-presidents, secretary and treasurer. Then appoint, or nominate, three to form a Temple Committee, and three for an Amusement Committee. This object lesson will do more towards teaching each woman how to organize her own family, than all the theory in the book.

2. Every woman in the Relief Society is requested to spend at least one day in official work for the dead during 1916. By official, we mean work done for the Relief Society charity lists, which are names furnished to the Genealogical Committee by those who are not financially able to do their own temple work. Where there are no such lists in a ward, they can be obtained from the Chief Recorder in any one of the four temples.

Where the sister lives too far from a temple to comply with this suggestion, she may donate sufficient means to the Genealogical Committee of her ward, which will provide a substitute for her. Our reports are arranged to cover these official days spent in the Temple, as well as other official days thus spent. The Jordan and Davis, Liberty and Cache stakes lead all others in this beautiful charity temple work.

QUESTIONS.

Have you a family organization?

If not, why not?

Why can we do more in an organized way than as individuals?

Who is the proper heir in a family?

What does your lesson-book say about Family Organization?

Did you enjoy and understand the model organization just formed in your class?

Have you spent one official day in the temple this year?

If not, why not?

What do we mean by "official day"?

What has your ward done about temple work in the past?

What plans can you suggest to improve your work in this line?

OUT-OF-DOOR STUDY.

WINTER WALK.

A. Give a prose sketch or poem on your "Winter Walk."

B. Bring a drawing or picture you have made of something you saw during your "Winter Walk."

C. What vital impression was made upon you by this experience? What use will this winter landscape study be to you when you go to the next art exhibition?

D. Describe a winter landscape that has deeply impressed you at some time of life.

A WINTER WALK.

The writer took her "Winter Walk" in December. It was not a propitious day for study of the snow blanket, but excellent for observation of winter mountain foliage. We went in search of winter decoration for luncheon tables for a very great and festive occasion. Luckily there were several artists on the luncheon committee, and there was no money with which to buy the usual cut flowers.

The artists determined that this decoration should not be commonplace.

We shook or scraped the light snow from the wild mountain holly, (Oregon Grapes), now green, and scarlet, and satin-leaved. We gathered stacks to take back to town. We gathered armsfull of the low, bushy green "box" growing under the bare maple and scrub-oak. Down in the sheltered banks of the creek, we pulled, from clumps of joint grass, the tall daintily marked pines—fit for pipes of Pan, had the weather not been too cold for piping! From long stretches of wild rose gardens we stripped twigs (thorned, too), with the wild, read roseberries. We went home with arms filled, and the decorations were *not* commonplace, and were much admired.

MARCH LANDSCAPE STUDY.

The study of the March landscape has most to do with the sky. The sky must be the theme. The ground is neutral in color. The interest of this month centers in windy weather. The sky shows queer-shaped patches of deep blues, and ultra marines, and splotches of purples, and gray, and big white billowy clouds.

Take your March walk on a windy wash-day, after your clothes are hung out. Take the little "finder." Look for a picture with the line of clothes blowing straight out in the foreground. In the background, you will note the cloud-filled sky will make a repetition of your line of blowing clothes both in color and feeling of motion. A wonderful time of day for this picture is often in the twilight with cottage window red with the lamplight within, in the background. Or you may find an attractive foreground in a line of purple willows following creeks or surrounding ponds. The sky is sure to complete the picture, if there are clouds. The snowing and blowing day makes a beautiful subject for pictures.

A. You should find at least two pictures in your March Walk and tell which has the best foreground and which the best background.

B. Prepare yourself to describe a windy day's sky.

C. Study bursts of sunshine and shadow. When clouds obscure the sun's rays, it is called a "Gray Day. Many love this manifestation of nature.

D. Study to describe two "March Gray Days."

E. Prepare yourself to describe a scene with sunshine bursting through dark clouds. Don't make much of the ground, but confine yourself to telling the color and motion of the clouds.

TWILIGHT STUDY.

A. Make a special study of March twilight on a blowy, cloudy evening, just before rain. Have a house with firelight shining through the window and there will be red or yellow in the sky to repeat the color of the firelight.

B. Make a study of twilight indoors with blinds up and a firelight. Have a family around the fire, and note the effect of the two lights, and the shadows made by the firelight. Be prepared to describe such a scene.

What is the Jacobean style? Describe the Classic Period. Contrast the modern method of building and the medieval method (note 2, page 125). What is the style of St. Pauls, Figs. 4 and 5, London? Name its architecture. Describe its exterior and interior. Radcliffe Library, Oxford. Fig. 6.

The Classic Revivals. Describe the Bank of England, and name its architect. Tell what you can of the architecture of the British Museum. What can you say of the Mansion House? Fig. 7. Fitz William, Fg. 8. Describe the Victorian Gothic. Tell what you can of the Parliament House, Westminster, Fig. 9. In what ways do the present British architecture and French architecture surpass the other?

LESSON IV.

Home Economics.

FOURTH WEEK IN MARCH.

HOME-MAKING AS A PROFESSION.

I. As a Trade or Profession.
   1. Meaning of trade.
   2. Meaning of profession.
      a. Learned profession.
      b. Unlearned profession.
      c. Home making classified.
   3. The human importance of the work.
      a. Preparations necessary.

II. Methods of Acquiring Preparation.
    1. In youth.
        a. At home.
        b. In the schools.
    2. In maturity.
        a. In the school of experience.
        b. Desire for improvement.
        c. Means of improvement.
        d. Interest of church.
III. The Beauty of Home Work.
    1. Drudgery vs. routine.
        a. Meaning of drudgery.
        b. Meaning of routine.
    2. Cultivate desire.
        a. To learn.
        b. To practice.

Home-Making as a Profession.

Roll call: Why I am Glad I am a Woman, or, Reasons for Joy in Womanhood, or, What may this Study of Home Economics do for me?

Home Economics stands for the ideal home life, for to lay unhampered by the traditions of the past."

I. Home Economics as a Trade or Profession.

1. A trade is an occupation in which the worker is instructed in the performance of certain tasks with the responsibility or power of directing assumed by another. Such is the trade of carpenter, mason, brick-layer, plumber.

2. The work which involves the responsibility of having the many tasks correctly done is in the nature of a profession. Thus the work of the architect or contractor is a profession.

(a) The term "learned profession" is often used. That involves the spending of much time, and may be money, in the learning of the chosen profession, and is usually done by means of attendance at schools and colleges. Such is the profession of law, medicine, architecture and all the liberal arts.

(b) One may learn to assume the responsibility in the performance of great tasks by hard knocks in the school of experience only. Such would not be termed a learned profession. The business of a contractor may be classed here.

(c) In the light of the above definitions where may the great work of home-making be classed? It is simply universal: that is, there are workers of all classes and intelligences engaged in this occupation. But the woman who is the most successful in making a home is in every sense engaged in a learned profes-

sion—the greatest one on earth. For she has to initiate, plan, direct, and carry out operations which involve in greater or less degree all the sciences and arts known to man. She also deals with those subtler spiritual powers which make or mar his personal happiness and influence his soul's salvation.

3. The importance of this work, as regards children, can scarcely be over-estimated. Mrs. Fisher has indicated the great responsibility of parents when she says: "We might conceivably have undertaken to build railway bridges, even though the lives of multitudes depended on them; we might have become lawyers and settled people's material affairs for them; or even as doctors settled the matter of their physical life or death. But to be responsible to God, to society, and to the soul in question, for the health, happiness, moral growth and usefulness of a human soul, what reflective parent among the whole army of us has not had moments of heart-sick terror at the realization of what he has been set to do?"

(a) Can any sane person feel that this important work should be undertaken at marriage by girls who rely upon chance occupations at home, supplemented by the much abused "mother instinct"? Do you not feel that all the long years of youth should be devoted to preparing, in a pleasant though serious manner, for this beautiful work of mother and home-maker? And that all during the years of life one should be alert and active in securing improvements in the performance of this God-given occupation. One may never know too much about it. "There should be no more question as to the need of education and training for the woman who *selects* the food, clothing and works of art, which minister to the highest welfare of a family, than there is for the need of study on the part of the farmer, manufacturer or the artist who produces them."

II. Methods of Acquiring.

(1) The young woman of today has no excuse for answering "not prepared" when life demands that she assumes her natural place as home-maker.

(a) The ideal way for her to learn her profession is to be a willing helper in a well ordered home always as Mother's first assistant. There she learns, through actual hand contact, the methods and the practice of the scientific truth she has learned in the school room.

4. Mother hasn't time to teach her the theory as well as the practice—even though she knows it. So the schools must supplement this home training, and give boys and girls an intimate understanding of these truths that they are to use most in their after life. All truth is good, but life is so fleeting that one must choose that most worth while.

(a) Those who are mothers and grandmothers today need not feel cheated because the schools didn't teach such things in their time. All that God requires of any of his children is that they make the most use of their opportunities, be they few or many. Our grandmothers, many of them, were beautiful housekeepers and splendid mothers. They learned their lessons in the hard school of experience and with the price of much unnecessary suffering. Their daughters may now start life with much of the wisdom they end it with, but the daughters must go on, improve and learn other lessons.

(b) All that is necessary is that the desire for improvement remain with one to the end of life, for the absence of growth is death.

(c) There are many ways in which the mature woman of today may keep up-to-date in matters pertaining to better homes. First, she should keep an open mind and, by means of observation of others in their homes and methods of daily life, find things to avoid, or to accept and make part of her own life. There are so many good books and magazines published that one can never hope to keep up with all of them. But one should be alert to find new books that will be of particular benefit and also if possible to be conversant with at least one good home magazine.

In addition there are the extension and correspondence schools provided by the Government and State educational authorities which make possible the bringing of new truth and inspiration to our very doors. So the wide-awake woman of today, be she 16, or 60, or 90 years old, cannot fail to improve her condition of life unless she is wilfully blind or lazy.

Just a mention must be made of the splendid work being done by our own Church in providing through all its auxiliary organization lessons which, if accepted, will make the life of every woman in the community richer and more truly useful.

III. A book could be written on the beauty and benefits of home work. Here let it be understood that no work in which man engages on earth can give the soul satisfaction, the complete joy which is experienced by the mother who has raised a noble family and always made a happy home for them.

(1) And in no sense can this work be termed *drudgery*, unless the one who undertakes it is totally unprepared for it. The performance of a task by rote, in which the mind takes little or no account, may be termed *drudgery*. To avoid this, the first essential is the proper training. "Whenever one's knowledge of a subject passes the stage of drudgery and becomes a science, its performance immediately becomes a pleasure. The ability to do a thing in the highest known perfection, or even a little better than any one else, is always a source of delight, and it matters little what that something is."

(a) All human work possesses a certain amount of routine of work that must be performed over and over again in the same manner. This is unavoidable with conditions of mortality. Even the artist who paints the most glorious conceptions of nature must clean his brushes and his palate and even his studio. If he cannot afford an assistant, he does it himself. Yet one never hears an artist going around complaining about the drudgery of cleaning his materials! All work must accept its known routine, but the worker must use brains to make the routine as little as possible and to keep its place in the back ground as does the artist.

2. The essential thing for all to learn is to love their work, to see its possibilities as well as its difficulties, and to make their work their servant instead of their master. This can be done by the home-maker as well as by the doctor.

(a) Indeed the first essential to all good work is joy in the doing of it. So the girl must learn her job just as seriously as the boy learns his. In this the present mothers can do much in making home work as pleasant as possible.

(b) Practice every day finding something uplifting and helpful to your loved ones and do not hesitate to let your daughter or her friend hear you speak of this phase of home work. We always find what we look for; if it is improvement—why it is at our very door knocking for entrance. Will you not let it enter?

QUESTIONS.

1. Is home-making a trade, or a profession, and why? Name some trades and professions not mentioned in the lesson.
2. Give your opinion as to the sufficiency of "mother instinct or "home instinct," in a girl's life.
3. What is the most important phase of home-making, and why is it so?
4. Do you think home-making should be studied as are all professions of men, and why?
5. What is the ideal way of becoming proficient in home-make? Discuss.
6. How may the older women of today improve their home conditions?
   a. What need has a perfect housekeeper of studying home economics?
7. Do you enjoy housework, and why?
   a. What is the part you like best, and why?
   b. What is the part you like least, and why?
8. Define drudgery and routine.
   a. Under which class do household tasks fall, and why?

9. How may the love of home duties be planted in the lives of young men and women?

a. How may the mother of a girl "who hates house work" change this fatal opinion.

10. In your opinion, must every human being, who is born a woman, engage in house work?

a. If she truly dislikes it, may she with honor engage in the work she loves, and have her home work done for her? What is your solution of this difficulty?

11. Are you doing all in your power to make possible better homes in your community? Name five ways in which you might improve in this respect?

THOU SHALT BE A BLESSING.

(Gen. 12:2.)

Thou shalt be a blessing;
Let thine heart be strong;
God shall give thee courage,
Fill thy lips with song.
Fear not thou the future,
Through each day shall shine
Tokens of God's goodness
Over thee and thine.

Thou shalt be a blessing
Through the coming year;
He the great Deliverer
Ever will be near;
Strengthening each purpose
That is good and true.
And in times of weakness
He will bear thee through.

Thou shalt be a blessing;
Fear not thou to see
Tasks yet unattempted,
Which are waiting thee.
What thy need requireth
Surely He will send,
Who with watchful kindness
Shall thy ways attend.

Thou shalt be a blessing;
And in days to come,
When God calls His servants
To their blessed Home,
He will not forget thee,
Or thy work of love;
All shall be rewarded
In those courts above.

—Selected.

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The Female Relief Society of Nauvoo.

What Is It?

(From the "Millennial Star," October, 1842.)

It is an institution form'd to bless
The poor, the widow, and the fatherless—
To clothe the naked, and the hungry feed,
And in the holy paths of virtue lead.

To seek our sorrow, grief, and mute despair,
And light the lamp of hope eternal there—
To try the strength of consolation's art,
By breathing comfort to the mourning heart.

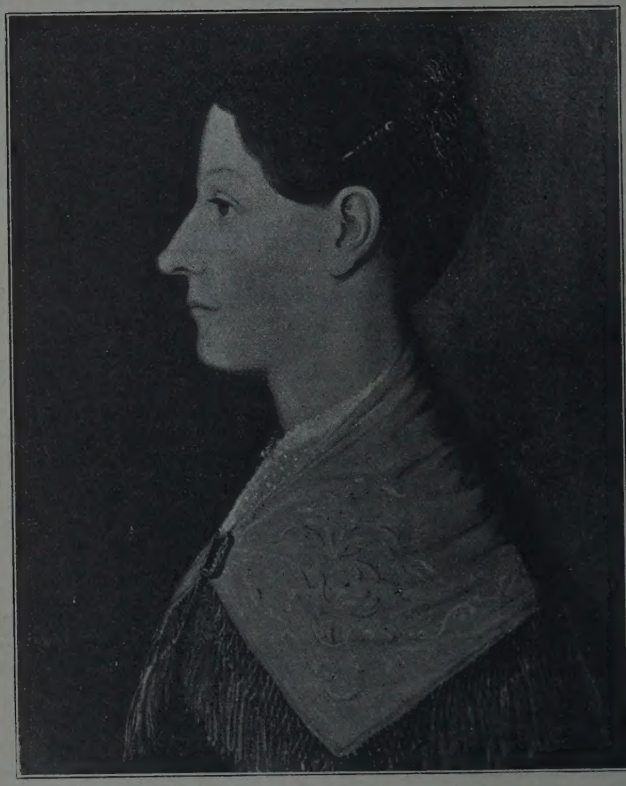
To chase the clouds that shade the aspect, where
Distress presides; and wake up pleasures there—
With open heart extend the friendly hand,
To hail the stranger from a distant land.

To stamp a vetoing impress on each move
That virtue's present dictates disapprove—
To put the tattler's coinage scandal down,
And make corruption feel its with'ring frown.

To give instruction where instruction's voice
Will guard the feet and make the heart rejoice—
To turn the wayward from their recklessness,
And lead them in the ways of happiness.

It is an Order, fitted and design'd,
To meet the wants of body and of mind—
To seek the wretched in their lone abode—
Supply their wants, and raise their hearts to God.

E. R. Snow.



MRS. MARY FIELDING SMITH.

Second wife of the Patriarch Hyrum Smith. Taken from a painting owned by her son, President Joseph F. Smith.